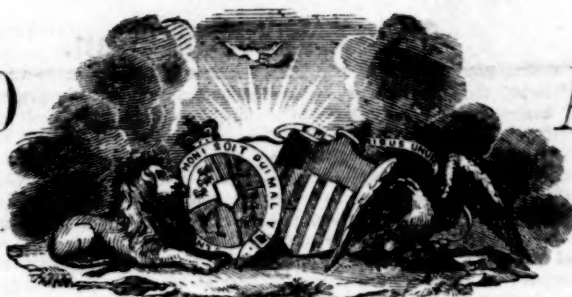


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E. L. GARVIN & Co.
PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE, 6 ANN-ST.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

VOL. 2. No. 10.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

O strong as the Eagle,
O mild as the Dove!
How like, and how unlike,
O death and O love!

Knitting Earth to the Heaven,
The Near to the Far—
With the step on the dust,
And the eyes on the star!

Interweaving, commingling,
Both rays from God's light!
Now in sun, now in shadow,
Ye shift to the sight!

Ever changing the sceptres
Ye bear—as in play;
Now Love as Death rules us,
Now Death has Love's sway!

Why wails so the new-born?
Love gave it the breath.
The soul sees Love's brother—
Life enters on Death!

Why that smile the wan lips
Of the dead man above?
The soul sees Death changing
Its shape into Love.

So confused and so blending
Each twin with its brother,
The frown of one melts
In the smile of the other.

Love warms where Death withers,
Death blights where Love blooms;
Death sits by our cradles,
Love stands by our tombs!

Nov. 9, 1843.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! I have been running a gallant career
On a courser that needeth nor bridle nor goad;
But he'll soon change his rider and leave the Old Year
Lying low in the dust on Eternity's road.

Wide has my track been, and rapid my haste,
But whoever takes heed of my journey will find,
That in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,
I have left a fair set of bold waymarks behind.

I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm board,
I have chequered the air with the banners of strife,
Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,
Bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.

My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron-gray steed,
Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me,
And you'll see that his mane will be flying again
Ere you've buried me under the green holly-tree.

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done
Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought
With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.

If I've added gray threads to the worldly-wise heads,
I have deepened the chesnut of Infancy's curl;
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
I have quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl;

If I've lengthened the ye a till it brushes the pall,
I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange bloom swell;
If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's dank wall,
I have strengthened the love-bower tendrils as well.

Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee,
Chaunt a roundelay over my laurel decked bier,
And bury me under the green holly-tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom laden hours,
And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown;
But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,
And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.

Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—
So I do—but forget not how friendly we were
When I fann'd your warm cheek in the soft summer-night,
And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.

Fill the goblet and drink as my wailing tones sink,
Let the wassail-bowl drip and the revel shout rise—
But a word in your ear, from the passing Old Year,
'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"be merry and wise!"

Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest farewell,
The log-lighted ingle my death pyre shall be:
Dance, dance, while I'm dying, blend carol and bell,
And bury me under the green holly-tree.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Second Article.

BRUNKENNESS.

The habit of intemperate drinking had grown to such an excess in Ireland, that it was gravely asserted there was something in the people's constitution congenial to the excitement of ardent spirits. The propensity for intoxication among the people had been remarked from the earliest times. Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6,025 houses, states that 1,200 of them were public houses, and sold intoxicating liquors. In 1798, in Thomas-street, nearly every third house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these fifty-two were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes the great consumption was claret, and so extensive was its importation, that in the year 1763, it amounted to 8,000 tons—and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of £67,000. This fact is detailed by honest Rutt, the Quaker historian of the county of Dublin. Such were the convivial habits of the day, and so absorbed were the people in the indulgence, that the doctor recommended that port should be substituted in its place—"because," said he, with quaint simplicity, "it would not admit so long a sitting—a great advantage to wise men in saving a great deal of their precious time." In fact, the great end and aim of life in the upper classes seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to stand, and then he might depart, if he could walk.

If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone, and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table, before the host; stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass, at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was, to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied as fast as they were filled, as they could not stand.

Such orgies were not occasional, but often continued every night, and all night long. A usual exhortation from a father to his son was, "make your head, boy, while you're young;" and certain knots of seasoned drinkers who had succeeded in this insane attempt, were called "the heads," from their impenetrability to the effect of liquor. It was said that, "no man who drank ever died, but many died learning to drink;" and the number of victims who fell in acting on this principle was an appalling proof of the extent of the practice—most families could point to some victim to this premature indulgence.

An elderly clergyman informed us, that on leaving home to enter college, he stopped, on his way, at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sunk under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed "a hair of the dog," that is a glass of raw spirits. On one night, he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of "stole away" was raised and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning, they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk, had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible—then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the sensible survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between active and passive performers on the following day.

No class of society, even the gravest, was exempt from this indulgence. Even judges on the bench were seen inebriated, without much shame, and with little censure. One, well known, was noted for the maudling sensibility with which he passed sentence. It was remarked of him by Curran, that, "though he did not weep, he certainly had a drop in his eye." The indulgence was so universal, that pursuits of business never interfered with it. An attorney, (Howard,) writing in 1776, complaining of the want of reform in the law, and the evils of his profession, thus speaks:—"This leads me to mention an evil, which I would feign have thrown a veil over, but for the great degree of excess to which it has arrived in this kingdom, above all others; and even among the professors of the law, a profession which requires the clearest, coolest head a man can possibly have; can we complain of being censured of dishonesty, if we undertake the management of a man's affairs, and render ourselves incapable of conducting them? and is not this the case with every man who has filled himself with strong wines, unless he has such an uncommon capacity as not one in a thousand is ever blessed with! The observation of English men of business, is, that they could no conceive how men in this kingdom transacted any business, for they seemed to do nothing but walk the courts the whole morning, and devote the whole evening to the bottle."

Innumerable are the anecdotes which might be collected to illustrate the excessive indulgence in drink, now fortunately wholly exploded from all classes. Sir Jonah Barrington has recorded some, in which he was an actor, which are

so highly characteristic, that we cite two of them, though, perhaps, already known to most of our readers. Near to the kennel of his father's hounds was built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hoghead of claret, a carcass of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company, when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Here, for seven days, the party were shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten, on the following morning, some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper, on his back, apparently dead, with the table cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep, with their heads close to the soft wall: the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp. Allowing all licence for the author's colouring, in what other country on the face of the earth could any thing like such scenes have occurred?

TIGER ROCHE.

We conclude these miscellaneous sketches with a short account of one of those characters distinguished for unbridled indulgence and fierce passions, who were, unfortunately, too frequently to be met with at the period in which he flourished, whose name attained so much celebrity as to become a proverb. "Tiger Roche," as he was called, was a native of Dublin, where he was born in the year 1729. He received the best education the metropolis could afford, and was instructed in all the accomplishments then deemed essential to the rank and character of a gentleman. So expert was he in the various acquirements of polite life, that at the age of sixteen he recommended himself to Lord Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who offered him, gratuitously, a commission in the army; but his friends having other views for him they declined it. This seems to have been a serious misfortune to the young man, whose disposition and education strongly inclined him to a military life. His hopes were raised and his vanity flattered by the notice and offer of the victory; and in sullen resentment he absolutely refused to embark in any other profession his friends designed for him. He continued, therefore, for several years among the dissipated idlers of the metropolis, having no laudible pursuit to occupy his time and led into all the outrages and excesses which then disgraced Dublin.

One night in patrolling the city with his drunken associates, they attacked and killed a watchman, who, with others, had attempted to quell a riot they had excited. He was, therefore, compelled to fly from Dublin. He made his way to Cork, where he lay concealed for some time, and from thence escaped to the plantations in North America. When the war broke out between France and England, he entered as a volunteer in one of the provincial regiments, and distinguished himself in several engagements with the Indians in the interest of the French, during which he seems to have learned those fierce and cruel qualities by which those tribes are distinguished.

He was now particularly noticed by his officers for the intrepidity and spirit he displayed, and was high in favour with Colonel Massey, his commander; but an accident occurred of so humiliating and degrading a nature, as to extinguish at once all his hopes of advancement. An officer of Massey's regiment was possessed of a very valuable fowling-piece which he highly prized. He missed it from his tent and made diligent inquiry after it, but it was nowhere to be found. It was, however, reported that it was seen in the possession of Roche, and an order was made to examine his baggage. On searching among it the lost article was found. Roche declared that he had bought it from one Bourke, a countryman of his own, and a corporal in his regiment. Bourke was sent for and examined. He solemnly declared on oath that the statement of Roche was altogether false, and that he himself knew nothing at all of the transaction. Roche was now brought to a court-martial, and little appearing in his favour, he was convicted of the theft, and, as a lenient punishment, ordered to quit the service with every mark of disgrace and ignominy. Irritated with this treatment, Roche immediately challenged the officer who had prosecuted him. He refused, however, to meet him, on the pretext that he was a degraded man, and no longer entitled to the rank and consideration of a gentleman. Stung now to madness, and no longer master of himself, he rushed to the parade, insulted the officer in the grossest terms, and then flew to the picket-guard, where he attacked the corporal with his naked sword, declaring his intention to kill him on the spot. The man with difficulty defended his life till his companions sprung upon Roche and disarmed him. Though deprived of his weapon, he did not desist from his intention; crouching down like an Indian foe, he suddenly sprang like Roderick Dhu, at his antagonist, and fastened on his throat with his teeth, and before he could be disengaged, nearly strangled him, dragging away a mouthful of flesh, which, in the true Indian spirit, he afterwards said was "the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted." From the fierce and savage character he displayed on this occasion, he obtained the appellation of "Tiger," an affix which was ever after joined to his name.

A few days after, the English army advanced to force the lines of Ticonderoga. Unfortunate Roche was left desolate and alone in the wilderness, an outcast from society, apparently abandoned by all the world. His resolution and fidelity to his cause, however, did not desert him. He pursued his way through the woods till he fell in with a party of friendly Indians, and by extraordinary exertions and forced marches, arrived at the fortress with his Indians to join in the attack. He gave distinguished proofs of his courage and military abilities during that unfortunate affair, and received four dangerous wounds. He attracted the notice of General Abercrombie, the leader of the expedition, but the stain of robbery was upon him, and no services, however brilliant, could obliterate it.

From hence he made his way to New York, after suffering incredible afflictions from pain, poverty, and sickness. One man alone, Governor Rogers, pitied his case, and was not satisfied of his guilt. In the year 1785 he received from his friends in Ireland, a reluctant supply of money, which enabled him to obtain a passage on board a vessel bound for England, where he arrived shortly after. He reserved part of his supply of money for the purchase of a commission, and hoped once more to ascend to that rank from which he had been,

as he thought, unjustly degraded; but just as the purchase was about to be completed, a report of his theft in America reached the regiment, and the officers refused to serve with him. With great perseverance and determined resolution, he traced the progress of the report to a Captain Campbell, then residing at the British coffee-house in Charing-cross. He met him in the public room, taxed him with what he called a gross and false calumny, which the other retorted with great spirit. A duel immediately ensued in which both parties were desperately wounded.

He now declared in all public places, and caused it to be every where known, that as he could not obtain justice on the miscreant who had traduced his character in America, he would personally chastise every man in England who presumed to propagate the report. With this determination, he met one day in the Green Park his former colonel, Massey, and another officer, who had just returned home. He addressed them, and anxiously requested they would, as they might, remove the stain from his character. They treated his appeal with contempt, when he fiercely attacked them both. They immediately drew their swords and disarmed him. A crowd of spectators assembled round, and being two to one, they inflicted severe chastisement on Roche. Foiled in his attempt, he immediately determined to seek another occasion, and finding that one of them had departed for Chester, he set out after him with the indefatigable perseverance and pursuit of a bloodhound. Here he again sought him, and meeting him in the streets, again attacked him. He was, however, again defeated, and received a severe wound in the sword-arm, which long disabled him.

But that redress to his character now came accidentally and unexpectedly, which all his activity and perseverance could not obtain. Bourke, the corporal, was mortally wounded by a scalping party of Indians, and on his death-bed made a solemn confession that he himself had actually stolen the fowling-piece, and sold it to Roche, without informing him by what means he had procured it; and that Roche had really purchased it without any suspicion of the theft. This declaration of the dying man was properly attested, and universally received, and restored the injured Roche at once to character and confidence. His former calumniators vied with each other in friendly offers to serve him; and as a remuneration for the injustice and injury he had suffered, a lieutenantancy in a new-raised regiment was conferred gratuitously upon him. He soon returned to Dublin with considerable éclat—the reputation of the injuries he had sustained, the gallant part he had acted, and the romantic adventures he had encountered among the Indians, in the woods of America, were the subject of every conversation. Convivial parties were every where made for him. Wherever he appeared he was the lion of the night. A handsome person, made still more attractive by the wounds he had received, a graceful form in the dance, in which he excelled, and the narrative of "his hair-breadth 'scapes," with which he was never too diffident to indulge the company, made him at this time "the observed of all observers" in the metropolis of Ireland.

But a service he now rendered the public in Dublin, deservedly placed him very high in their esteem and good will. It was at this time infested with those miscreants whom we have mentioned in the former part of this article, as "sweaters" or "pinkindies," and every night some outrage was perpetrated on the peaceable and unoffending inhabitants. One evening late, an old gentleman, with his son and daughter, were returning home from a friend's house, when they were attacked on Ormond-quay by a party of them. Roche, who was accidentally going the same way at the same time, heard the shrieks of a woman crying for assistance, and instantly rushed to the place. Here he did not hesitate singly to meet the whole party. He first rescued the young woman from the ruffian who held her, and then attacking the band he desperately wounded some and put the rest to flight. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him a high and deserved reputation, and inspired others with resolution to follow his example. He formed a body, consisting of officers and others of his acquaintance, to patrol the dangerous streets of Dublin at night, and so gave that protection to the citizens, that the miserable and decrepid watch were not able to afford.

But he was not fated long to preserve the high character he had acquired. His physical temperament impossible to manage, and his moral perceptions hard to regulate, were the sport of every contingency and vicissitude of fortune. The peace, concluded in 1763, reduced the army, and he retired, in indigent circumstances, to London, where he soon lived beyond his income. In order to repair it he paid his addresses to a Miss Pitt, who had a fortune of £4000. On the anticipation of this, he engaged in a career of extravagance that soon accumulated debts to a greater amount, and the marriage portion was insufficient to satisfy his creditors. He was arrested and cast into the prison of the King's Bench, where various detainees were laid upon him, and he was doomed to a confinement of hopeless termination. Here his mind appears to have been completely broken down, and the intrepid and daring courage which had sustained him in so remarkable a manner through all the vicissitudes of his former life, seemed to be totally exhausted. He submitted to insults and indignities with a dastardly patience, and seemed deprived not only of the capability of resenting, but of the sensibility of feeling them. On one occasion he had a trifling dispute with a fellow prisoner, who kicked him and struck him a blow in the face. There was a time when his fiery spirit would not have been satisfied but with the blood of the offender. He now only turned aside and cried like a child. It happened that his countryman, Buck English, whom we have before noticed, was confined at the same time in the bench, with him also he had some dispute, and English, seizing a stick, flogged him in a savage manner. Roche made no attempt to retaliate or resist, but crouched under the punishment like a beaten hound. But while he shrank thus under the chastisement of men, he turned upon his wife, whom he treated with such tyranny and cruelty, that she was compelled to separate from him and abandon him to his fate.

At length, however, an act of grace liberated him from a confinement under which all his powers were fast sinking; and a small legacy, left him by a relation, enabled him once more to appear in the gay world. With his change of fortune a change of disposition came over him; and in proportion as he had shown an abject spirit in confinement, he now exhibited even a still more arrogant and irritable temper than he had ever displayed. He was a constant frequenter of billiard-tables, where he indulged an insufferable assumption, with sometimes a shrewd and keen remark. He was one day driving the balls about with the cue, and on some one expostulating with him that he was not playing himself but hindering other gentlemen from their amusement;—"Gentlemen," said Roche: "why, sir, except you and I, and one or two more, there is not a gentleman in the room." His friend afterwards remarked that he had grossly offended a large company, and wondered some of them had not resented the affront. "Oh!" said Roche, "there is no fear of that. There was not a thief in the room that did not consider himself one of the two or three gentlemen I excepted."

Again his fortune seemed in the ascendant, and the miserable, spiritless,

flogged, and degraded prisoner of the King's Bench was called on to stand as candidate to represent Middlesex in parliament. So high an opinion was entertained of his daring spirit, that it was thought by some of the popular party he might be of use in intimidating Colonel Luttrell, who was the declared opponent of Wilkes at that election. In April, 1769, he was put into nomination at Brentford by Mr. Jones, and seconded by Mr. Martin, two highly popular electors. He, however, disappointed his friends, and declined the poll, induced, it was said, by promises of Luttrell's friends to provide for him. On this occasion he fought another duel with a Captain Flood, who had offended him in a coffee-house. He showed no deficiency of courage, but on the contrary even a larger proportion of spirit and generosity than had distinguished him at former periods.

Returning at this time one night to his apartments at Chelsea, he was attacked by two ruffians, who presented pistols to his breast. He sprang back, and drew his sword, when one of them fired at him, and the ball grazed his temple. He then attacked them both, pinned one to the wall, and the other fled. Roche secured his prisoner, and the other was apprehended next day. They were tried at the Old Bailey, and capitally convicted, but at the humane and earnest intercession of Roche, their punishment was mitigated to transportation.

All the fluctuations of this strange man's character seemed at length to settle into one unhappy state—no mixture of good, but a uniformity of evil. He met with a young person, walking with her mother in St. James's Park, and was struck with her appearance. He insinuated himself into their acquaintance, and the young lady formed for him a strong and uncontrollable attachment. She possessed a considerable fortune, of which Roche became the manager. His daily profusion and dissipation soon exhausted her property, and the mother and daughter were compelled to leave London, and retire to indigence and distress, in consequence of the debts in which he had involved them.

He was soon after appointed captain of a company of foot in the East India service, and embarked in the Vansittart, for India, in May, 1773. He had not been many days on board, when, such was his impracticable temper, that he fell out with all the passengers, and among the rest with a Captain Ferguson, whom he used so ill, that he was obliged to call him out as soon as they arrived at Madeira. Roche was again seized with a sudden and unaccountable fit of terror, and made an abject submission. The arrogance and cowardice he displayed revolted the whole body of the passengers, and they unanimously made it a point, that the captain should expel him from the table. He was driven, therefore, to the society of the common sailors and soldiers on board the ship. With them he endeavoured to ingratiate himself, by mixing freely with them, and denouncing vengeance against every gentleman and officer on board the ship; but his threats were particularly directed against Ferguson, whom he considered the origin of the disgrace he suffered. On the arrival of the ship at the Cape, after all the passengers were disembarked, Roche came ashore in the dusk of the evening, and was seen loitering about the door of the house where he had learned that Ferguson lodged. When it was quite dark, he caused a message to be conveyed to him, that his friend Captain Martin, wished to see him at his lodgings. The unsuspecting Ferguson immediately went to see his friend, when, as he turned the corner of a street, he was attacked by some one who stood there with his sword ready drawn for the purpose. Such was the malignant and implacable passion that prompted the assassin, that Ferguson was found weltering in his blood, with nine deep wounds, all on his left side, and it was supposed they must have been there inflicted, because it was the unprotected side, and when the man was off his guard.

Roche escaped during the night, and took refuge among the Caffres. Here he disappeared, and all certain and authentic account of his strange and eventful life terminates. The Cape was at that time a colony of the Dutch, who, vigilant and suspicious of strangers, suffered none to enter there, but merely to touch for provisions, and pass on. The proceedings, therefore, of their colonial government are shut up in mystery. It is reported, however, that he was demanded and given up to the authorities of the Cape, who caused him to be broken alive upon the wheel, according to the then Dutch criminal law of the Cape, which inflicted that punishment on the more atrocious murderers.

A writer of the last century, in speaking of the Irish character, concludes with the remark:—"In short, if they are good, you will scarcely meet a better; if bad, you will seldom find a worse." These extremes were frequently mixed in the same person. Roche, at different periods, displayed them. At one time an admirable spirit, great humanity, and unbounded generosity; at another, abject cowardice, ferocity, treachery, and sordid selfishness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL, (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE.)

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS," FOR LONGWOOD.

No. IV.

A ball occasionally given by the officers of the 66th regiment, afforded some variety to the dreariness of Madame Bertrand's changed existence. One of them took place whilst we were on a visit to her, and it was arranged we should go together in Napoleon's carriage, but dine with the Emperor first, as he said he wished to criticise our dresses, and proceed from his door to the ball. Madame Montholon very goodnaturedly sent her maid Josephine to arrange my hair. She combed and strained it off my face, making me look like a Chinese. It was the first time I had seen such a *coiffure*, and I thought I had never beheld anything so hideous in my life, and would have gladly pulled it all down, but there was no time, and I was obliged to make my appearance before Napoleon, whose laugh I dreaded, with my eyes literally starting from my head, occasioned by the uneasy manner in which my hair had been arranged. However, to my great comfort, he did not quiz it, but said it was the only time he had ever seen it wear the appearance of anything like neatness. But my little Leno frock did not pass muster so well. He declared it was frightful, from being so short, and desired me to have it lengthened. In vain I pleaded the impossibility of any alteration; he kept twitching it about until I was obliged to fly to Josephine, and have the desired change made, by letting down some of the tucks, thereby spoiling the effect of my pretty dress; but I knew it was useless resisting when the fiat had gone forth.

After dinner the carriage was announced, and we all obeyed the emperor's signal, of rising from table, his manner of performing that ceremony being brusque and startling; he would brush his chair suddenly away, and rise as if he had received an electric shock.

I recollect his remarking upon the want of gallantry displayed by Englishmen, in sitting so long after dinner. He said, "If Balcombe had been there, he would want to drink one, two, three, *ah cinq bouteilles*, eh? Balcombe go Briars, get droonk!"

It was one of his early attempts at expressing himself in English. I think I

can see him now, holding up one of his fat taper fingers, and counting how many bottles my father usually drank before he joined the ladies.

"If I were you, Mrs. Balcombe," he said, addressing my mother, "I should be very angry at being turned out to wait for two or three hours, whilst your husband and his friends are making themselves drunk."

How different are Frenchmen, who think society cannot be agreeable without the presence of the ladies. After drinking some of La Page's delectable coffee, and being helped to the sugar by Napoleon's fingers instead of tongs, he proceeded to the carriage which was in waiting.

Madame Bertrand led the way, carrying her baby, little Arthur, followed by my mother, my sister, myself, and General Gourgaud. On being seated the signal was given, the whip applied to the spirited Cape steed, and away they tore, first on one side the track (for road there was none) and then on the other. Madame Bertrand screaming with all her might for Archambaud to stop; but it was not until a check was put to the velocity of the carriage, by its coming into contact with a large gum-wood tree, that we had any chance of being heard. At length the door was opened, and out we scrambled, up to our knees in mud, the night being wet and foggy. We had nearly a mile to walk through this filthy road to Deadwood, and the poor countess all the while carrying her infant, who would not be pacified with any of her nurse.

I never shall forget the figures we cut on arriving at Mrs. Baird's quarters, when we were provided with dry clothes, and the ludicrous appearance of Madame Bertrand, habited in one of Mrs. Baird's dresses, which was half-a-yard too short, and much too small in every way,—Mrs. Baird being remarkably petite, whilst the countess was *renommée* for her tall and graceful stature. But in spite of our adventure and *contretemps*, we had a very merry ball, and the party did not separate until long after the booming guns from the forts around announced the break of day. We cared but little for our walk home through the mist and rain, as we knew that on arriving at the grand marshal's cottage, we should be refreshed by a good breakfast and comfortable beds.

Napoleon complimented me on my dancing and appearance at the ball, which he had heard were much admired, and also told me I was thought very much like the Baroness Sturmer, and might be mistaken for her young sister. I was flattered at the resemblance, as I thought her the prettiest woman I had ever seen.

I had been to a breakfast given to Lord Amherst on board the Newcastle, by Sir Pulteney and Lady Malcolm, and on next visiting Longwood, was surprised and vexed to find that the emperor had heard an account of the party from other lips than mine, as I was anxious to forestall the narration of the exploits of a certain hoydenish young lady—namely myself; but he had received a faithful detail of it from Dr. O'Meara. He pretended to scold and take me to task, for being such a *petite folle*, and said he hoped it was not true, and began recapitulating what I had been guilty of, to my father, which was that I had teased and locked up pretty Miss P., when the ladies were being whipped* over the side of the frigate to return to the shore, and it was not until we had nearly reached the fort that the fair lady's absence was perceived, when, it being inconvenient to return to the barge, it was proposed to Captain G—, one of the party, and a great admirer of the young lady's, that he should proceed to vessel and rescue the terrified girl. Napoleon said,

"Miss Betsee must be punished for being so naughty. N'est pas, Balcombe?" turning to my father, whom he enjoined to set me a task that I was to repeat to him on my next visit; and which request my father was delighted to put in execution, being only too happy to have an excuse to make me study.

On hearing what was in store for me, I assured him I had been punished enough for my cruelty to Miss P—, having been really frightened out of my little wits, by the roaring of the cannon from every fort which overhung the bay, and from all the men-of-war stationed in the harbour, to salute Lord Amherst on his landing. I also mentioned the scolding I had received from Lady Lowe, who kept desiring me to use my *reason*, and "not to be so childish." Napoleon did not lose the opportunity of attacking Lady Lowe, though at my expense, and said he wondered at her want of perception in giving me credit for what I never possessed.

I amused Bonaparte that day, by my ecstasies in describing the impression the courier-like manner and charming address of Lord Amherst had made on me. He seemed pleased at my entertaining the same idea as himself, and said "the ambassador must have been fascinating, to have so impressed your youthful fancy."

From the strict surveillance exercised over the emperor, the inconveniences suffered by his suite were on many occasions extremely annoying, and I quote the following as an instance. My sister and I were constantly in the habit of staying with Madame Bertrand, who kindly volunteered, during our long visits to her, to superintend my studies. Upon one occasion, at her request, I attempted to sing a little French romance, composed by Hortense Beauharnois, daughter to the Empress Josephine, entitled "Le Depart des Styriens." This song was sent to her on the preceding evening by Napoleon, who was anxious to hear it, and intimated that he should come for that purpose. He came according to promise, but was not only disappointed, but angry, at the discordant sounds which issued from a piano, which from damp and disuse, had acquired tones very like those of a hurdy gurdy. The only person in the island capable of remedying the instrument in question was a Mr. Guinness, band-master on board the "General Kid," then lying in the St. James's harbour. Mr. Guinness,* who, at the request of the countess was summoned by my father for the purpose, was on the point of leaving the side of the ship, when an order from the governor desired him to stay where he was.

Napoleon expressed a wish to see a boa constrictor brought by Sir Murray Maxwell to the island. I had described seeing it gorge a goat, and the extraordinary appearance it presented after swallowing such a meal. The horns of the unfortunate animal, which had been put alive into the cage, seemed as if they must protrude through the snake's skin. The emperor observed that he thought, from what he had heard, that "the Marquis de M— must be like a boa constrictor, from the quantity he eat at dinner." I heard that it was not thought advisable to comply with the emperor's wish to have the monster conveyed to Longwood.

Early one morning, whilst I was wandering about the gardens and plantations at Longwood, I encountered the emperor, who stopped and told me to come with him, and he would show me some pretty toys. Such an invitation was not to be resisted, and I accordingly accompanied him to his billiard-room, where he displayed a most gorgeously carved set of chess men, that had been presented to him by Mr. Elphinstone. He might well call them toys, every one being in itself a gem. The castles, surmounting superbly chased elephants, were filled with warriors in the act of discharging arrows from their banded bows. The knights were cased in armour, with their visors up, and mounted on beau-

* This is a technical term for lowering ladies down the side of a ship.

† Mr. Guinness is now member of the Royal Society of Musicians and well known leader of the orchestra at the nobilities' balls, Almack's, &c. &c.

tifully caparisoned horses: mitred bishops in their robes, and every pawn varied in character and splendour of costume, each figure representing by its dress some different nation. Such workmanship had never before left China; art and taste had been exerted to its utmost to devise such rare specimens. The emperor was as much pleased with his present as I should have been with any new plaything. He told me he had just finished a game of chess with Lady Malcolm, with these most beautiful things, and she had beaten him; he thought solely from his attention being occupied in admiring the men instead of attending to his game. The work-boxes and card-counters were lovely; the latter representing all the trades of China, minutely carved on each. These gifts were presented to Napoleon as a token of gratitude by Mr. Elphinstone, from the circumstance of Napoleon having humanely attended to his brother, when severely wounded on the field of Waterloo, the Emperor sending and refreshing him with a goblet of wine from his own canteen, on hearing he was faint from loss of blood.

Napoleon observed that he thought the chessmen too pretty for St. Helena, and that therefore he should send them to the King of Rome. Another present which attracted my attention was a superb ivory tea-chest, and which on opening presented a perfect model of the city of Canton, made most ingeniously of stained ivories; underneath this tray were pockets of the finest tea, done up in fantastic shapes. Napoleon told us that, when Emperor of France, he did not permit any tea to be drunk except that grown in Switzerland, and which so nearly resembled the Chinese plant that the difference was not perceptible. He also cultivated the growth of beet-root, for the purpose of making sugar, instead of depending on foreign produce.

Seeing the ex-emperor one day looking less amiable than usual, and his face very much swelled and inflamed, I inquired the cause; when he told me that Dr. O'Meara had just performed the operation of drawing a tooth, which caused him some pain. I requested he would give me the extracted tooth, as I should make Mr. Solomons set it as an ear-ring, and wear it for his sake.

The idea made him laugh heartily in spite of his suffering, and he remarked that he thought I should never cut my wisdom-teeth. He was always pleased on saying any thing approaching a witticism.

Napoleon had a horror of ugly women, and knowing this weakness, I one day begged he would allow me to introduce to him a Mrs. S——, the wife of a gentleman holding a high official appointment in India. I must confess feeling rather nervous whilst I did so, knowing her to be one of the very plainest persons ever seen. She had, nevertheless, all the airs and pretensions of a beauty, and believed herself to be as lovely as Chenere had portrayed her on ivory. She thought she might make an impression on the great man, and for that purpose loaded herself with all the finery an Indian wardrobe could afford; she dressed in crimson velvet, bordered with pearls, and her black hair she adorned with butterflies, composed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

When introduced to Napoleon, and he had put the usual questions to her, as to whether she was married, how many children she had, and so on, he scrutinized her over and over again, trying but in vain to discover some point whereon to compliment her; at last he perceived that she had an immense quantity of coarse, fuzzy, black hair, which he remarked, by saying to her,

"Madame, you have most luxuriant hair."

The lady was so pleased with this speech of the emperor's, that on her arrival in England, she published in the newspapers an account of her interview with him, and said "Napoleon had lost his heart to her beauty."

I really did incur the emperor's displeasure for a few days, by the trick I had played him—having led him to suppose he was about to see a perfect Venus: and he prohibited my ever introducing any more ladies to him.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART VI.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

My first questions to Lafontaine, when I had his wound looked to, were of course for those whom he had left in England.

"Ah, ha!" said he with a laugh, which showed the inextinguishable Frenchman, "are you constant still? Well, then, Madame La Comtesse is constant too; but it is to her boudoir, or the gaities of Devonshire House, or perhaps to her abhorrence of Monsieur le Mari."

"Le Mari!" I repeated the words with an involuntary start.

"Bah! 'tis all the same. She is affianced, and among us that tie is quite as legitimate as marriage, and, our libellers say, a little stronger. But they certainly are not married yet, for Mademoiselle Clotilde either is, or affects the invalid; and considering the probability that she abhors the man and the match, I think, on the whole, that she acts diplomatically in informing the vainest colonel, in or out of France, that she is sick of any thing rather than of him."

"But your Marianne—how go on your interests there?" The question brought a smile and a sigh together, before he could find an answer.

"How she is, what she is doing, or intends to do, or even what she is, are matters that I can no more answer than I can why the wind blows. She torments me, and takes a delight in tormenting me. I have been on the point of throwing up my commission a hundred times since I saw you, and flying to America, or the world's end. She controls me in every thing, insists on knowing all my movements from hour to hour, finds them out when I attempt to conceal them as matter of duty, tortures me for the concealment, and then laughs at me for the confession. She is intolerable."

"And yet you have obtained a lengthening of your chain, or how come here? How long have you been in Paris?"

"Just two days; and busy ones, or I should have found you out before. Yes, I had Marianne's full permission to come; though to this moment I cannot account for the change. I had received a sudden order from Montrecour, who is deep in the emigrant affairs, to set out with letters which could not be sent by the courier. But I dared not leave London without her permission; and I acknowledge asking her at the same time to run away with me, and give herself a lawful title to be my tyrant for life. Applying to Mordecai was out of the question. Her answer was immediate; contemptuous in the extreme as to my proposal, yet almost urgent on me to accept the mission, and lose no time between London and Paris. Her postscript was the oddest part of all. It was a grave recommendation to discover you, in whatever height or depth of the capital you might exist; whether you figured in the court or in the cloister; were the idol of the maids of honour, or the model of the monks of La Trappe; to remind you that you have forgotten every body on the other side of the Chan-

nel who was worth remembering, including herself; and commending me, as a truant and a trifier, to your especial, grave, and experienced protection. Apropos! She sent me a letter, to be delivered to you with my own hands. But for yourself it had nearly failed in the delivery."

He gave me the letter. It was, like the writer, a pretty *melange*; trifles gracefully expressed; strong sense expressed like trifles; feeling carried off with a laugh; and palpable and fond anxiety for Lafontaine couched in the most merciless badinage. While I gave this missive a second, and even a third perusal—for it finished with some gentle mention of the being whose name was a charm to my wearied spirit—my eyes accidentally fell on Lafontaine. His were fixed on me with an expression of inconceivable distress. At length his generous nature broke forth.

"Marston, if I were capable of jealousy, I should be jealous of you and of Marianne. What can be the caprice which dictated that letter! what can be the interest which you evidently take in it? I wish that the bullet which laid me at your door this evening had finished its work, and put an end to an existence which has been a perpetual fever. I shall not ask what Marianne has said to you—but I am miserable."

"Yes, but you *shall* ask, and shall have all you ask," said I, giving him the letter. "It is the language of the heart, and of a heart strongly attached to you. I can see affection in every line of it. Of course she mingles a little coquetry with her sentiment; but was there ever a pretty woman, who was not more or less of a coquette? She is a gem: never think it the less pure because it sparkles. Rely upon your little Marianne."

"Then you have no sincere regard for her—no wish to interfere with my claims?" said my pallid friend, dubiously extending his hand towards me.

"Lafontaine, listen to me, and for the last time on the subject. I have a very sincere regard for her." (My sensitive auditor started.) "But, I have also a perfect respect for your claims. It is impossible not to acknowledge the animated graces of the lady on whom you have fixed your affections. But mine are fixed where I have neither hope to sustain them, nor power to change. Those matters have nothing to do with choice. They are effects without a cause, judgments without a reason, influences without an impulse—the problems of our nature, without a solution since the beginning of the world."

"But, Marston, you will only laugh at me for all my troubles."

"Lafontaine, I shall do no such thing. Those pains and penalties have been the lot of some of the noblest hearts and most powerful minds that the earth has ever seen; and have been most keenly felt by the noblest and the most powerful. The poet only tells the truth more gracefully when he says—

"The spell of all spells that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions denied;
'Tis the brain of the victim that poisons the dart,
And fools jest at that by which sages have died."

"But now, my friend, let us talk of other things. We must not sink into a pair of sentimentalists; these are terrible times. And now, tell me what brought you out of quiet England among our madmen here?"

"I may now tell all the world," was the reply, "for the evil is done beyond remedy. I was sent by our friends in London, to carry the last warning to the royal family of all that has happened this day. My papers contained the most exact details, the names of the leaders, their objects, their points of assembling, and even their points of attack. Those were furnished, as you may conceive, by one of the principal conspirators; a fellow whom I afterwards saw on horseback in front of the Tuilleries, and whom, I think, I had the satisfaction of dismounting by a shot from my carbine."

I mentioned the fruitlessness of my own effort to awake the ministry.

"Ah," said he, with a melancholy smile, "my friend, if you had been admitted into the palace, or into the council-chamber itself, you would have had precisely the same tale to tell. All was infatuation. I was ushered into the highest presence late midnight. My despatches were read. I was complimented on my zeal, and then was told that every thing was provided for. I was even closetted for two hours with the two individuals who, of all France, or of all mankind, had the largest stake in the crisis, and was again told that there was no crisis to be feared. I even offered to take a squadron of dragoons, and arrest the conspirators at the moment with my own hand. I saw the eyes of the noblest of women fill with tears of grief and indignation at the hopelessness of my appeal, and the answer, 'that though Frenchmen might hate the ministers, they always loved their king.' I saw that all was over."

"Still," said I, "I cannot comprehend how the mere mob of Paris could have succeeded against the defenders of the palace."

"If you had seen it as I did, the only wonder is, how the Tuilleries held out so long. After passing a night on guard at the Pavillon de Flore, I was summoned at daybreak to attend his majesty. What a staff for a reviewing monarch! The queen endeavouring to support the appearance of calmness; Madame Elizabeth, that human angel, following her, dissolved in tears; the two royal children, weeping and frightened, making their way through the crowd of nobles, guardsmen, domestics who had gathered promiscuously in the chambers and corridors, armed with whatever weapons they could find, and all in confusion. From the windows there was another scene; and the only time when I saw the queen shudder, was when she cast her eye across the Place du Carrousel, and saw it covered with the dense masses of the multitude drawn up in battle-array. A more gloomy sight never met the eye. From time to time the distant discharge of cannon was heard, giving us the idea that some treachery was transacting in the remoter parts of the city, every discharge answered by a roar of—'Down with the King!—Death to Marie Antoinette!—The lamp-iron to all traitors.' While, as I glanced on those around me, I saw despair in every countenance; the resolution perhaps to die, but the evident belief that their death must be in vain. You now know all."

I still expressed my strong anxiety to know what had been the events within the palace.

"Marston, I cannot think of them. I cannot speak of them. I see nothing but a vision of blood, shame, folly, wretchedness. There never was a cause more fatally abandoned. Every thing that could be done to ruin a monarchy was done. I was standing beside the royal group, when a deputation from the National Assembly made its appearance. At its head was a meagre villain, whom one might have taken for the public executioner. He came up, cringing and bowing, to the unfortunate king; but with a look which visibly said—'We have you in our power. I could have plunged my sword in the triumphant villain's heart. I had even instinctively half drawn it, when I felt the gentle pressure of a hand on mine. It was the queen's. 'Remember the king's presence. We must owe nothing to violence,' were her words. And at this instant she looked so heart-broken, yet so noble, that I could have worshipped her. The deputation pressed the necessity of 'taking shelter,' as they phrased it, 'in the bosom of the faithful Assembly.' The words, 'assembly of traitors,' burst from my lips. A shout of approbation arose on all sides. But I was more rewarded by a sorrowing smile from the queen. She was indignant at the pro-

posal. "No; never shall I leave this spot but by the king's command!" she exclaimed. "I would rather be chained to the walls." As the guard pressed round her at the words, she suddenly stopped, took a pistol from one of the Garde du Corps, and forcing it on the king—"Now," said the heroine—"now is the time to show yourself a king of France!" An universal cry of enthusiasm arose, and hundreds of swords were brandished in the air. The deputation, evidently expecting to be massacred, made an effort to reach the door, and the monarchy was on the point of being saved; when the leader of the party glanced back at the royal circle. There stood unfortunate Louis, hesitating, with the pistol in his hand. On such moments all depends. The villain crept up to the king, and whispered in his ear—"Would you have all your family put to death? In the Assembly all are safe."—"Well, then, we shall go," was the simple answer. He might have added—"To the scaffold." The queen pressed her hands on her eyes, and wept bitterly. All were silent. In a few minutes more our sad procession was crossing the garden to the door of the Assembly, amid a roar, which could not have been fiercer or more triumphant had we been going to execution."

It was already twilight; the fine summer's day, as if it had been dimmed by the desperate scenes of which it was witness, set in sudden clouds; and the diatant shoutings of the populace seemed to be answered by the voice of a storm. Lafontaine's wound began to bleed afresh by the agitation of his story, and to find medical assistance, was my first object. Having seen him conveyed to my bed, and leaving him in charge of my valet, I hastened towards the residence of the physician to the embassy. In doing this, I had to cross the Rue St. Honoré. But there my course was stopped. I shrink from alluding to those horrid scenes and times. The scene which there met my eyes has scarcely left them since.

The populace were returning from the conquest and plunder of the palace to the Palais Royale, the headquarters of all convulsion; and they had arranged their ranks into something like a triumphal procession on the stage. The dead bodies of the brave Swiss were carried on boards or biers, preceded by banners of all kinds; the plundered ornaments of the Tuileries were borne on the heads of men; the horses from the royal stables, caparisoned for the occasion, drew hearses, in which the bodies of the mob who had fallen were deposited. Brief as the time for decoration had been, wreaths of artificial flowers, taken from the shops of the *merchandises de modes*, and theatrical shawls and mantles from the stores of the *fripier*, covered the biers; and the whole, surrounded and followed by a forest of pikes and bayonets, plumes and flags, had no other light than the lurid and shifting blaze of thousands of torches tossing in the wild and howling wind.

The train seemed endless; shocked and sickened, I had made repeated efforts to cross the column, but was repeatedly driven back. If all the dead criminality of Paris had risen to join all the living, it could scarcely have increased my astonishment at the countless thousands which continued to pour on before me; nor scarcely, if the procession had started from the grave, could it have looked more strange, squalid, haggard, and woe-begone. In the rear came the cannon, which had achieved the melancholy victory. And they, again, were sometimes converted into the carriage of the dead, sometimes of the plunder, and, in every instance, were surmounted by women, female furies, drinking, shouting, and uttering cries of unspeakable savageness and blasphemy against priests, nobles, and kings; and, mingled with all this, were choruses of bacchanal songs, accompanied with shouts of laughter. It was now near midnight; and my anxiety for the condition of my unfortunate friend at last urged me to make a desperate attempt to force my way through the mass of pikes and daggers. After being swept far along with the stream, I reached the street in which the physician lived. He set out with me immediately, and, by his superior knowledge of the route, we were enabled to make our way unimpeded through streets, that looked like dens of robbers, to my hotel.

But there a new and still more alarming disappointment awaited me. I found the porter and all the attendants of the establishment gathered on the stairs in terror. Lafontaine was gone! Whether, frenzied by the insults and yells of the populace, who continued to pass in troops from time to time, or anxious for my safety, he had started from his bed, put on his sword, and rushed into the street; without the possibility of being restrained, and without uttering a word of explanation.

Exhausted as I was by fatigue, and still more by the sights and scenes through which I had just passed, this intelligence was a severe blow. The fate of a young enthusiast, and a foreigner, whom I had known but so lately, and of whom I knew so little, might not have justified much personal sacrifice. But the thought of the heart that would be broken by his falling into the hands of the barbarians, who were now masters of every thing, smote keenly upon me. Mariamne would die; and though I was by no means a lover of Mariamne, yet, where I had seen so much that was loveable, I might have a regard next in degree. There may, and does often, exist the tenderness of love without the flame. I could have looked on this pretty and animated creature as the wife of Lafontaine, or of any other object of her choice, without the slightest pang; but I could not have looked upon her pining away in hopelessness, wasting in silent sorrow, or with her gay and gentle existence clouded by a loss which nothing could repair, without thinking every effort of mine to avert evil from her, due on every principle of common feeling.

While I pondered, a note was brought to me, written by Lafontaine before he had satiated from his chamber, and evidently written under the wildest emotion. It told me, in a few scarcely legible words, that he felt life a burden to him, and thanked Heaven for the opportunity now offered of dying for his king and the glory of France. That the monarchy had perished beyond redemption. But that, though the royal family were surrounded by the poniards of assassins, it was his determination to follow and find them, rescue them, or die at their feet. This strange production closed with—"You shall hear of me within twenty-four hours, living or dead. If I fall, remember me to my affianced wife; and vindicate my character to the world."

This was so like insanity, that it perplexed me more and more; but, on second thoughts, it appeared to offer some clue to his pursuit.—He had gone to die in presence of the royal family. If they were to be found by him at all, they must be found in the Assembly. I immediately went to the garden of the Tuileries, where they met until their new legislative palace should be erected. The multitude had now partially retired, for it was midnight; and the entrance was comparatively clear. A strong force of the National Guard still kept the drunken rabble at a distance; and the five franc piece, with which I tempted the incorruptibility of a peculiarly ferocious-looking patriot, admitted me without delay.

What a scene there presented itself to my eyes! The "Salle" was large and showy; and when I had attended it in former debates, it exhibited the taste and skill which the French, more than any other people on earth, exhibit in temporary things. Nothing could exceed the elegance with which the Parisian decorators had fitted up this silk and tinsel abode, which was to be superseded,

within a few months, by the solid majesty of marble. But, on this memorable and melancholy night, the ornaments bore, to me, the look of those sad frivolities with which France is fond of ornamenting her tombs. The chandeliers burned dim; the busts and statues looked ghost-like; the chief part of the members had thrown themselves drowsily on the benches; and the debate had languished into the murmurs of a speech, to which no one listened. If the loaded table, with its pile of petitions and ordonnances, in the midst of the hall, could have been imagined into a bier; the whole had the aspect of a *chapelle ardente*; there, indeed, lay in state the monarchy of France. My unlucky friend, of course, was not there; but I saw, in a narrow box, on the right of the president, a group, from which, when once seen, I found it impossible to withdraw my gaze—the first and most exalted victims of the Revolution, the king and his family. All but one were apparently overcome with fatigue; for they had sat there fifteen hours. But that one sat with a steady eye and an erect front, as if superior to all suffering. I had seen Marie Antoinette, the most splendid figure, in all the splendours of her court. I had seen her unshaken before vast popular assemblages, in which any rash or ruffian hand might have taken her life at the instant; but she now gave me an impression of a still higher order. Sitting in calm resignation and unstained dignity, her stately form and countenance, pale and pure as marble, looked like some noble statue on a tomb; or rather, sitting in that chamber of death, like some pure spirit, awaiting the summons to ascend from the relics of human guilt, infirmity, and passion before her.

But the slumbers of the Assembly were soon to be broken. A tumult, and the tramping of many feet, was heard at the door. It was followed by the thunder of clubs and hammers breaking it in; the bars gave way; the huissiers and other attendants rushed through the body of the hall, and took refuge behind the chair of the president in affright; the sleepers started from their seats; and, with a roar which spoke the true supremacy of the new power in France, the mob poured in. They announced themselves a deputation from the Municipality, and instantly took possession of the benches. Men, women, and even children, composed this barbarian invasion; like all that I had seen, half intoxicated; but evidently trained by higher hands for more determined evil. A chosen set of orators, in Roman robes, probably plundered from some suburb theatre, moved forward to the table, and took their seats round it in as much solemnity as conscript fathers. The chief speaker then advanced from the door, preceded by the head of one of the murdered Swiss on a pike, a hideous spectacle, and, drawing from his belt a dagger, commenced a furious harangue against every thing that bore the shape of authority in the kingdom. The Assembly did not escape in the general outpouring of its bitterness. They were charged with want of zeal, with want of honesty, and, most formidable of all, want of patriotism. I saw many a member cower at the word; for it was the countersign of Jacobinism; and the man, on whom that charge was personally fastened, was sure to fall by pistol or dagger. But the rage of the harangue was levelled at the royal family. "There sits the tyrant!" he exclaimed, pointing with his poniard to the meekest of monarchs and of men. "The vengeance of the people calls for victims. How long shall it be insulted? If justice is blind, tear the bandage from her eyes. How long shall the sword of the people rust in its sheath? Liberty sitting on her altar demands new sacrifices to feed the flame. The blood of tyrants is the only incense worthy to be offered by a regenerated people!"

At every pause of those fierce interjections, the crowd burst into yells of applause, drew knives and daggers from their bosoms, flourished them in the air, and echoed the words. The Assembly were evidently held in terror of their lives. The president made some faint attempts to restore order. A few of the members made faint attempts at speeches. But the mob were masters; and a night of such horrors passed, as I had never dreamed of before. At daybreak the orator demanded that a decree should be instantly passed, suspending the king, the ministry, and even the Assembly, in the midst of which he stood. Of all the extravagances ever conceived—of all the insolences of power—of all the licenses of popular licentiousness, this was the most daring, unrivalled, and unimagined; and yet this was carried, with scarcely a voice raised against it. The trembling president, with the dagger at his throat, put the motion for extinguishing the throne, the cabinet, and calling a new Assembly! From that hour the monarchy was no more.

During this tremendous discussion, I had not ventured to raise my eyes towards the royal family; but, as all were now about to retire, I dared a single glance. The king was slowly leaving the box, leading the dauphin by the hand; the Princess Elizabeth was carrying the sleeping dauphiness in her arms; the queen stayed behind, alone, for a moment, sitting, as she had done for hours, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her countenance calm, but corpse-like. At length she seemed to recollect that she was alone, and suddenly started up. Then nature had its way; she tottered, and fainted. From that night forth, that glorious creature never saw the light of day but through the bars of a prison. From the Feuillans, the royal family were consigned to the cells of the Temple, from which Louis and Marie Antoinette never emerged but to the grave!

This night taught me a lesson, which neither time nor circumstance has ever made me forget. It cured me of all my republican fantasies at once, and for ever. I believe myself above the affectation of romantic sensibility. But it would not be less affectation to deny the feelings to which that awful scene of human guilt and human suffering gave birth. If the memory of the popular atrocities made me almost abhor human nature, the memory of that innocent and illustrious woman restored my admiration of the noble qualities that may still be found in human nature. "If I forget thee even in my mirth," the language of the Israelite to his beloved city, was mine, in scarcely a less solemn or sacred spirit, in those hours of early experience. Let the hearts and eyes of others refuse to acknowledge such feelings. I am not ashamed to say, that I have shed many a tear over the fate of the King and Queen of France. In the finest fictions of genius, in the most high-wrought sorrows of the stage, I have never been so deeply touched, I have never felt myself penetrated with such true and irresistible emotion, as in reading, many a year after, the simplest record of the unhappy Bourbons. What must it be, to have witnessed the last agonies of their hearts and throne!

THE COMIC ALMANAC.

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. London, Bogue.

The matchless and inexhaustible George is this year more exuberant than ever, and, with all his exuberance, if possible, even more delightfully comic with pencil and pen. To afford a notion of such a performance by reviewing it, is out of the question: it must be seen, and pored over for hours, to be at all appreciated according to its merits. Two of the monthly plates, of a page each, are liads in their way; and the great anti-temperance meeting of Wine, Spirits, and Beer in bottles, and the weight of property, "Ten Thousand a Year," are

in themselves such proofs of originality and talent, that we would give six times the price of the Almanac for either, and twice as much for the moral elements (to reconcile us to our lots) in the last. Take the following humorous sketches and squibs at random, as they come, scattered over every leaf:—

"Wine v. Water.—Great Anti-Temperance Meeting.—A highly respectable meeting of some of the most influential wines, beers, and spirits, was held for the purpose of considering the best means of opposing the Temperance movement. Among those on the platform we particularly noticed Port, Sherry, and Claret; while, at the lower end of the room, were Cape, Marsala, and a deputation from the British Wines, who were represented by the Two-and-twopenny sparkling Champagne, more familiarly known as the 'Genuine Walker.' Most of the principal wines wore the silver collars of the orders to which they respectively belonged; and Port having been unanimously voted into the chair, the business of the meeting was opened by Corkscrew, in a concise but pointed manner. Champagne was the first to rise, in a state of great effervescence. He declared that he was frothing over with pure indignation at the idea of wine being excluded from the social board; and, indeed, he found it impossible to preserve the coolness which ought to belong to him. He was not one to keep any thing long bottled up ('Hear!' and a laugh); indeed, when he once let loose, out it must all come; and he did say that the temperance movement was playing old gooseberry with him in every direction ('Cries of 'Shame!' from the Genuine Walker'). Claret said that he did not often get into a state of fermentation; but on this occasion he did feel his natural smoothness forsaking him. He begged leave to propose the following resolution:—"That the substitution of water for wine is likely to dissolve all social ties, and is calculated to do material injury to the constitution." Rum rose, he said, for the purpose of opposing this resolution, which he thought of too sweeping a character. He (Rum), so far from wishing to get rid of water altogether, was always happy to meet with it on equal terms; and he knew that he (Rum), as well as many of his friends around him, had derived a good deal of their influence from being mixed up with water, and going, as it were, half-way, which there could be no objection to. Gin begged leave to differ from the honourable spirit that had just sat down, and who was so unaccustomed to be on his legs at all, that it was not surprising he should have failed to make a respectable stand on the present occasion ('Cries of 'Order!'). He (Gin) had no wish to create confusion ('Ironical cheering from Marsala'). He understood the meaning of that cheer; and would certainly confess that the honourable beverage—for he would not use the stronger term of wine (a laugh)—was not likely to create confusion in any quarter. No; he (the honourable beverage) was not strong enough for that ('Renewed laughter'). He (Gin) had, perhaps, suffered more from water than all the other wines and spirits whom he now saw before him put together. His reputation had been materially hurt by it; and he was strongly of opinion that the only thing to be done with water is to throw it overboard ('Hear, hear'). A French wine, whose name we could not learn, let something drop, but we were unable to catch it. Cape now rose, but was immediately coughed down in a very unceremonious manner. The thanks of the meeting having been voted to Port for his able conduct in the decanter, the meeting separated; but not until a committee had been chosen, consisting of a dozen of wine and a gallon of beer, with power to add to their number, either by water or otherwise."

"Predictions for January.—In examining the horoscope, it seems to embrace a wide scope of horrors. There will be dark days for England, which we must be prepared for by lighting candles. After New Year's day there will be many broils, and Turkey will be torn to pieces by domestic violence."

"The Garden.—If any thing is done in the garden at this time of the year, perhaps the best thing will be to run about in it. Do not attempt to move any of your trees, but keep your junior branches moving as much as possible. This is the best time to take your shrub in-doors; but it should be rum shrub, watered in moderation, and taken at night over a cheerful fire."

"Decisions in Hilary Term.—When a conveyance has already sufficient parties, it has been held that the remainder man may be shut out. This was decided in the case of Podger *versus* the driver and conductor of the Atlas omnibus.—If a party offers to pledge himself, *semble*, that a pawnbroker cannot be compelled to take him in, though it is done frequently.—It is not yet decided whether the new act for the protection of the queen's person, which inflicts a penalty for presenting fire-arms at the queen's person, does or does not extend to the sentinels on duty, who present arms at her Majesty whenever she leaves the palace.—The new poor-law act, prohibiting all out-door relief, does not apply to trees, which may be re-leaved out of doors at the usual period."

"Observations.—The prevalence of the wind is so great in the month of March, that the trees generally begin blowing."

"Report on the Training of Pauper Children.—With a view to the introduction of dancing into pauper schools, we have caused a copy of the following questions to be addressed to the master of every union workhouse:—1. Inquire the state of all the pauper children's toes, and how they are likely to turn out. 3. Inquire the age at which the dancing days are usually said to be over. 4. Cause an investigation into the meaning of the familiar term 'leading him a pretty dance,' which is believed to be a sort of *pas de ô* between a debtor, who is out of the way, and a creditor."

"Prospectus of the Aerial Building Company.—A few gentlemen having taken the air for the purposes of building, have formed themselves into a company, and are anxious to let in a limited number of the public. A surveyor, employed to survey the air, has reported that he sees nothing to obstruct the views of the company. It is one of the peculiar advantages of this association, that there need be no outlay for land; and the great hope of success in this speculation arises from the fact, that there is no ground for it. The company will apply to parliament for an air-enclosure bill, on the same principle as the proposed measure for shutting up Hampstead Heath: but, in the mean time, the treasurer will receive deposits on shares, and take premiums for air allotments. The intention of the company is to form an aerial city; and an architect has drawn plans, including sites for the various contemplated buildings; the whole of which buildings may be seen (on paper) at the society's office, so that the sites may be at once secured and paid for."

As a musical caricature, the mouse at the pianoforte, with three grave cat-amateurs listening to what is so different from their mew-sick, is laughable, and so is the verree.

"The Singing Mouse.

'Tis thought a very wondrous thing
That any mouse is known to sing;
But only keep your cat away,
And all your mice will learn to play."

A Report of the Royal Humane Society for the Prevention of Accidents on Artificial Ice, is capital fun, for which we regret we have not room, as our *Gazette* is not on the sliding scale.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.

[Concluded.]

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially the Victory, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin (made of the main-mast of L'Orient, the French ship which blew up at the Nile) which Captain Hallowell had given him was deposited, and desired that its history might be engraven upon the lid, saying that it was highly probable he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle.

In a letter to his brother he said he knew they meant to make a dead set at the Victory. He left Portsmouth, accompanied with the blessings and prayers of assembled multitudes, and arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September, his birthday. Fearing that if the enemy knew his force they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colors; and wrote to Gibraltar, to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the Gazette. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth; the officers who came on board to welcome him forgot his rank as commander, in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival, Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated, when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. There was soon, however, every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out; officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow; such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. "I verily believe," said Nelson (writing on the 6th of October), "that the country will soon be put to some expense on my account; either a monument or a new pension and honors, for I have not the smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can insure; but for the fighting them, if they can be got at, I pledge myself.—The sooner the better. I don't like to have these things upon my mind."

On the 9th Nelson sent Collingwood what he called in his diary the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle. The fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two deckers. Nelson said, "That his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

At daybreak of the 21st the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought (the ship now lying off Greenwich), with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the Victory led the weather line of fourteen.

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found the Admiral in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman. He formed the fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events—and the justice of our cause."

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested.* Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at.

The French Admiral, from the Bucentaure, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line. Ten minutes before 12 the enemy opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the Victory, and across her bows, fired single guns at

* Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., in a letter addressed to the editor of the *United Service Journal*, July, 1842, and headed "Nelson Vindicated from Vanity in his Last Moments," says, "The popular tale runs, that just previous to the battle which settled the maritime fate of the war, Nelson descended to the cabin, where he decorated himself with the insignia of all his orders, and remounted the deck in conspicuous splendour. On being told by Captain Hardy that his stars and medals would mark him to the enemy, he exclaimed, 'In honour I have gained them, and in honour I'll die with them.' Nelson had dressed himself in the same coat which he had commonly worn since he left Portsmouth; it was a plain-cut blue coat, on which the star of the Bath was embroidered, as was then customary. While walking the deck, and after the firing had commenced, Hardy remarked that the badge would draw attention from the enemy's tops, to which the hero coolly replied, 'He was aware it might be seen, but it was now too late to be shifting a coat.'"

These are the facts, and those were his words, and not the "bit of melo-dramatic fiction," (as the gallant captain truly calls it), falsely attributed to him. Captain Smyth's authority for this was the late Sir T. Hardy himself.

her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that if, by the proscribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again!"

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!"

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail, then they opened their broadside, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags; lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary, Mr. Scott, was one of the first who fell. Nelson, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposing the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower deck for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was, in like manner on board the *Temeraire*: so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The Lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucefante* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurried; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an

intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty, the surgeon, could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no," he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone—I know it. I feel something rising in my breast (putting his hand on his left side) which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than her unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower deck ports and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns that were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck; but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined; a gale came on from the south-west: some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions.

It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honors which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an Earl, with a grant of 6,000*l.* a year; 10,000*l.* were voted to each of his sisters, and 100,000*l.* for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride, and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved on the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honors, and at the height of human fame. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration,

† "Before going into action," says James in his *Naval History*, "Nelson visited the different decks of the *Victory*, and addressing the men at their quarters, cautioned them not to fire a single shot without being sure of their object."

but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

We have already given an instance or two of Nelson's determined hatred of a Frenchman. It sometimes almost amounts to the ludicrous.

Mr. Elliot, our Minister at Naples, seems to have proposed to send a confidential Frenchman to him with information. "I should be very happy," he replied, "to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron, their route, and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your Excellency that I would not, upon any consideration, have a Frenchman in the fleet, except as a prisoner. I put no confidence in them. You think your's good—the Queen does the same—I believe they are all alike. Whatever information you can get me I shall be very thankful for; but not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French."

He differed from Sir Sidney Smith as to the policy which ought to be pursued towards the French in Egypt, and strictly commanded him in the strongest language not, on any pretence, to permit a single Frenchman to leave the country, saying, that he considered it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. "No," said he, "to Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain while Nelson commands this squadron; for never, never, will he consent to the return of one ship or Frenchman. I wish them to perish in Egypt."

"There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman," says he to Captain Louis, "but to knock him down; to be civil to them is only to be laughed at, when they are enemies."

He said to his brother. "You will have seen Latouche's letter, how he chased me, and how I ran. I keep it; and if I take him, by G—d he shall eat it."

"Sir," said he, writing to the Duke of Clarence, "I find few think as I do. To obey orders is all perfection. To serve my King, and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring; and if one of these militate against it (for who can tell exactly at a distance!) I go back, and obey the great order and object, to down—down with the d—d French villains! My blood boils at the name of Frenchman!"

NELSON'S SHIP, THE VICTORY.

The columns which we have had the gratification of devoting to the anniversary of Trafalgar would be incomplete without some notice of the ship on whose deck Nelson fell.

Successive ships bearing the name of "Victory" have existed in the English navy ever since the year 1570, but the "Victory"—Nelson's "Victory"—is comparatively of modern date, she having been built somewhere about the year 1765. She has always been a celebrated ship, and commanded by distinguished men. In 1778 she bore the flag of Keppel, in his memorable battle with the French on the 27th of May, which led to a vexatious Court Martial. She successively carried the flags of Sir Peter Parker, Lord Howe, Lord Hood, and (in the glorious victory off Cape St. Vincent) of Admiral Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. And it is not a little remarkable, that it was on the quarter-deck of that very ship wherein he was destined to achieve a still greater triumph, and to seal his fame with his blood, that Nelson, after the battle, was received by Sir John, who took him in his arms, and said he could never sufficiently thank him for his assistance. In 1806 the Victory was paid off. She was re-commissioned in 1808, and remained in service till 1812; but during that period she did nothing worthy of particular notice. After the battle of St. Vincent's she was used, or, rather, mis-used, as a prison hospital-ship; and "who would have thought (says the "United Service Journal," October, 1841) that it was once proposed to break up, or cut down, the Victory! Yet so it was; and it has but recently come to our knowledge that the well-timed remonstrances of a popular, and, we may add, in this instance, patriotic writer, first called attention to this nautical sacrilege, and mainly aided to avert it." This ship, we had almost said this sacred ship, is now lying in Portsmouth harbor; and it must be the wish of every Englishman's heart that she may be preserved as long as one plank of her will hold to another.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

ELLISTON'S VALOUR.

Elliston had valour, but like Falstaff, he also had discretion; in fact, he often thought with the fat knight, that discretion was the better part of valour. The challenger of De Camp, and personal chastiser of sundry delinquent dramatists and others, could not be called a coward; but he was prudent, and far from being too hardy. The following ludicrous instance of his cautious valour at times occurred within the narrator's own knowledge.

During the period Elliston was the great lessee of Drury, among other attractions, he determined to revive "Macbeth," and for the first time to produce that noble effort of the tragic muse in a style of magnificence worthy so grand a production. The tailor of the theatre, Palmer, was instructed to prepare entirely new dresses, his curious estimate of which is now lying before the narrator. Marinati and Lupino had orders to paint entirely new scenery, and that the sublime music of Mathew Lock might be executed with proper effect, the whole vocal strength of the theatre, male and female, was directed to be pressed into the service of the different choruses and concerted pieces occurring in the scenes of the Weird Sisters. Accordingly Messrs. T. Cook, Charles Horn, George Smith, Mrs. Bland, Miss Povey, Miss Cubitt, &c., were severally cast for singing witches; while the distinguished vocalist who led the operatic business of the theatre found himself nominated to sustain the little part of Hecate.

Directly descended from a minstrel race, this splendid artist—certainly the first acting singer that ever appeared on our stage—though a very goodhumoured and obliging man in general, was greatly incensed; the son of harmony conceived himself degraded, in being expected to appear as the "mistress" of the Beldams' charms, and discord was the consequence.

"You may tell the tyrant," said he to the prompter, alluding to Elliston, "that I will not go on in petticoats and make an old woman of myself, to please him or any body else; and as to joining in the choruses, that's quite out of the question."

"What!" said Elliston, when this resolution was communicated to him, "not go on in the witch scenes in 'Macbeth!' but he shall go on!—he shall play the Witch of Endor if I choose it! Suppose Shakspeare has made Hecate of the feminine gender, is that any reason he shouldn't appear in it? He Cat or She Cat, I have cast him for it, and play it he shall! What do I pay him fifty pounds a week for?"

The singer, however, was not to be bewitched in this manner, and adhered to his resolution of not playing the part.

"The despot don't juggle me," said he. "He'll not find me one of the same persuasion as himself in this instance with all his rodomontade. I'll not appear, and that's flat!"

"Why, zounds!" said Elliston, on this second refusal, "what does the traitor mean? Does he forget that by his articles I can fine him thirty pounds, and discharge him for refusing a character—and I will too!"

But to have discharged the prince of singers at this juncture, would not have suited Elliston's book. He therefore determined to content himself with fining him, by way of making a striking example of him to his corps.

"Yes," said he, "he must be made an example of. Every body must go on in the witch scenes—I shall even go on myself, at all events, on the first night, and lend them the assistance of my voice. After that, I can join in at the wing."

The pugnacious vocalist, however, declared he would neither sing nor be fined, and hinted, that if the manager insisted upon the matter any further, he would most certainly thrash him. As he was known to be no mean proficient in the noble art of self defence, and to possess "a fist potential, as double as the duke's," the manager did not care to hazard this alternative. Still he took the resolution of his rebellious vocalist in great dudgeon, and vowed a terrible revenge.

It so happened that on the evening of the day in which this dispute occurred, Elliston had called a night rehearsal of a melodrama, from which he expected a great deal, and the rehearsal of which after the performance, he had signified his intention of superintending in person. This was a task for which he was admirably adapted. On these occasions, in imitation of his great prototype in the art of getting up pieces, the illustrious Charles Farley, and those minor stars, William Barrymore and the late Andrew Ducrow, he was accustomed, in order to conduct his operations more at his ease, to array himself in a loose jacket, which he procured for that purpose from the stock, directing the action as he went on, by means of a formidable thick bamboo-stick, which bore some resemblance to a running footman's cane, or a drum-major's staff. By the rapping of this baton on the floor, he commanded attention, and enforced his instructions.

Necessarily having to wait for the clearing of the house on the close of the performance, before he could commence proceedings, the manager sat in state in his own room, brooding over his imagined wrongs, and planning dreadful retribution. Whether to cheer the tedium of thus waiting, he indulged in any libation, and thus became pot valiant, is uncertain; but very valiant he certainly did become, long before the end of the performance.

At length the curtain fell, and boxes, pit, and gallery were gradually vacated by the audience. The arena, which had but a few moments before presented so lively and bustling an appearance, became a solitary and silent space. Only those who have witnessed the sudden transition from the crowded brilliance of a full audience, to the blank, desert-like gloom caused by their simultaneous departure, and the sudden extinguishing of the lights, can imagine the impression it creates; it seems the work of magic, and the spectator that remains behind feels himself in a moment strangely alone, like the traveller who stands amidst the deserted buildings of a once populous city. But to return to Elliston.

As we have said, he had become strangely valiant; his wrath had gradually increased; he determined to meet resistance with resistance, and make a memorable example.

"I will force the rebel to submit!" said he. "Yes, I will force him, or—"

Arrayed in his dictator's jacket, and firmly grasping his managerial staff, no sooner was the house fairly cleared, and the curtain, as is usual, drawn up again, than with a measured step he grandly stalked upon the stage, evidently intending the "acting of some hideous thing." A portentous frown of awful resolution gathered in deepening gloom upon his brow, he looked solemn and heroic.

The foot and wing-lights had been suffered to remain lighted, for the purposes of the rehearsal, as had also the chandeliers in the front of the house. The scene-shifters, carpenters, &c. were busily employed clearing and setting the stage, presenting a very curious scene—houses, trees, and mountains disappearing one after another, as if by the influence of some wonder-working talisman, till the apparent confusion terminates in the completion of some beautiful creation.

Flourishing his wand of authority, the manager suddenly imposed silence and attention from the astonished group. In the height of his anger, he actually imagined himself an Alexander the Great, or another Henry V., or a Napoleon Bonaparte, at the least, and deemed Drury Lane to be a second Thermopylae, Agincourt, or Marengo. Reversing the words of Shakspeare's chorus, he, for the moment, believed his stage a kingdom, thought his actors princes, and moved and spoke as if he had monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

After twice or thrice striding backwards and forwards across the stage, he all at once stopped, and assuming the tone and manner of a general commanding an army, thus addressed his wondering dependants:—

"Carpenters," he shouted, "fall in and take close order. Leader of the band, marshal your men in the van—yes, have them all in the orchestra, and prepare to sound the alarm; prompter, take up your position on the left-wing with your call-boy, property-man, and assistants. Acting-manager, be prepared at the right-wing. Scene shifters, you will form in double file, two deep. Flymen, you will occupy the heights. Wingmen, you will skirt the rear. Trappmen and cellarmen, be prepared to act as sappers and miners. And now to your tents, O Israel! and tell the foe I'm ready!"

Thus, as Shakspeare has it, fashioning out true things by their mockeries, and conceiving this ridiculous brawl to be really the puissance of a mighty action, Elliston toweringly continued,

"Yes, I'll smite the rebellious infidel to-night, or yield my crown for ever. We were a pretty King of Clouts, indeed, did we succumb on this occasion."

"The infidel," as Elliston called him, however, disregarding his leader's bombastic vapouring, had very unceremoniously and quietly quitted the premises immediately on the conclusion of his night's duties, and the great lessee consequently remained in undisturbed possession of the field. His wished-for antagonist not appearing, his prowess of course increased.

"Let him come on!" he roared out, highly elated, "let him come on! Why doesn't he come on?"

His forces stood amazed, not one-half of them being acquainted with the true state of the matter. The summons to come on was again and again repeated by the militant manager, in a very trumpet-like manner, until it was intimated to him that his invitation was not likely to be accepted, in consequence of the descendant of the minstrel monarch having gone off—retreated.

"Gone!" roared Elliston, increasing in courage, "the cowardly dog! He's

flown to save his bacon; but I knew it,—ay, I knew it; he feared the prowess of my arm!"

But this pleasing belief was soon disturbed by a matter-of-fact person, who happened to be present, observing that could not be the case, as the vocalist had left the theatre long before he could have heard of the great lessee's challenge.

"Then, sir," said Elliston, grandly, "if he has not gone home to save his bacon, he has at least gone home to eat it."

This was again denied by the same literal individual, who pointed out the improbability of one, of the particular faith of Elliston's antagonist, having any bacon to eat, much less to save.

"No matter, sir," said Elliston, exultingly; "if he hasn't flown to save his bacon, he has at least flown to save his life—'tis all the same—Jubilate! Jubilate! We have conquered! Yes, a great victory! Recover your arms there, carpenters, and clear the stage. Dismiss, you others, and to your work. Call on the opening chorus prompter. Play the first melos, leader. Band, strike up in the orchestra, for Judah's lion is o'erthrown for ever. Yes, now I'm satisfied—I've triumphed!—greatly triumphed! but I knew he would prove one of the tribe of Gad—so quick, quick!—off with the flats, and on with the rehearsal!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NAVAL SURGEON.

It was during the triennial station of a frigate, to which I belonged, in the Mediterranean, that we received orders while lying at Malta, where the ship had undergone some necessary repairs, to proceed forthwith to Tripoli, in order to enforce the payment of a debt which the Bey of the place had contracted with several British subjects—a debt of long standing and for which no satisfactory acknowledgment could be obtained, though the subject had been repeatedly brought before his Highness in a very pressing, yet at the same time, in a very respectful manner.

As there are other places of the same name, it may be as well to observe that the Tripoli to which we are now alluding, lies about 190 miles to the southward of Malta, and is a favourite place for emigration with these islanders, whose language differs but little from that spoken by the Tripolitans. Its situation also, on the very edge of the Great Desert, caused it to be selected as their starting-post, by some of the African travellers in their unfortunate journeys in quest of that El Dorado, the city of Timbucto.

We had, previously to this occasion, paid a flying visit to Tripoli, and had made such good use of our time as to ascertain what had not been before known, that through the ledge of rocks which skirt the shore at the distance of a mile, there existed a passage sufficiently wide and deep to admit the frigate; and when once inside, from the smoothness of the water and the goodness of the holding-ground, she might ride out any gale in perfect security.

The Captain of the Port, who was standing on the mole, anxiously watching our manœuvres, when he discovered the object we had in view, with all the grave authority of an official, announced to the bystanders, that our fate was inevitable if we attempted the passage. Scarcely were these words uttered when we shot through it, passed the Rubicon, let go the anchor, and soon made every thing snug. In amazement at the success of our fancied temerity, he raised his eyes to heaven, and dashed his telescope down on the strand, declaring with all the emphasis of a madman, that his occupation was gone for ever! The effect which the crash of the shattered pieces of the spy-glass gave to the Captain's words, was not surpassed by the pathos which the letting fall his stick perpendicularly on the floor, is acknowledged by the most learned of critics to have added to the eloquence of Corporal Trim, when he reported to the scullion-girl, and her companions, the melancholy tidings of the death of their young master in London.

Another and another interview had been held with the Ministers of the Bey, when the forthcoming of the money seeming as unlikely as ever, after due notice had been given, our Consul hauled down his flag, and we were left in anxious suspense as to whether any plan could still be devised for preventing recourse being had to hostilities. It was on the evening of the day in which this significant occurrence had taken place, the heat was overpowering, a parching scirocco wind was blowing from the desert, bringing with it clouds of the finest particles of sand, which completely coated the rigging, and almost blinded the eyes of those who were leisurely pacing the deck, in the vain hope of finding some relief from the excess of the heat—when the dark stillness of the night was broken by the sudden roar of artillery from the castle in the town, and the discharge of musketry on the plain outside it—the flashes of the guns enabling us, at the same time, to discern the hurrying of horse and foot, and all the hurly-burly of a battle between undisciplined troops. The ship was almost at the same moment surrounded with boats crowded with Maltese, male and female, young and old, entreating to be received on board.

By the intelligence which these fugitives brought, the mystery of all these strange and unlooked-for proceedings was soon cleared up. It appeared that for some time previously to this outbreak, the right of the reigning Bey to the power and dignity of which he was in the enjoyment, had been covertly disputed by another branch of his family, and the competitor had chosen this season for the prosecution of his claim by force, under the impression that the difficulties into which the actual possessor of the throne was then thrown, by the heavy demand made on his purse by the English, might cripple his resources, and that these unsuccessful creditors, under the annoyance they must feel at the debt not being liquidated, would, in all probability, give his cause their support.

As to which of these two mighty potentates, *arcades ambo*, might have justice on his side, I could never find any agreement of opinion. Neither is the decision of this question a matter of any moment, as far as the elucidation of the present "eventful history" is concerned. Suffice it to say, that the position assumed by us during the whole of our stay on the coast was one of perfect neutrality; as far as appearances went, it might indeed have been imagined that we countenanced the Pretender. This arose, naturally enough, from the circumstance of our Consul, though the ensign of his office had ceased to be unfurled, still residing at his house in the country, the claimant Bey's palace and his head-quarters being similarly situated, and our having no other place but the same neighbourhood for any recreation on shore; so that in our rambles among these armed barbarians we were under the necessity of giving them fair words and pleasant looks. It is the leader of this party, then, whom I shall for the future dub with the title of Bey, in order that the thread of the narrative may be carried on with less perplexity, though possibly legal acumen might be able to discover some flaw in the claimant's right to such an appellation, had the matter to be sifted by the gentlemen of the long robe.

Our anchorage was about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, along which ran a belt of cultivated ground, extending some two or three miles inland, and

then commenced the Great Desert, leading—who can tell where? This fertile belt was principally laid out in gardens, in which the tufted palm-tree reared its head conspicuously, and studded with the country houses of the richer class, and the wretched hovels of the poor. It was principally within the mud-walls of these latter that my operations were performed—and, if practice makes perfect, there was no lack of it here; for this was one of those charming "little wars," one of those "*lenta duella*" of which old Harace talks, whose perspective is involved in such dimness, that it is perfectly impossible to see their probable termination—where gun-shot wounds and amputation are literally matters of every-day occurrence. The patience and fortitude with which the sufferers underwent the pain of these operations were truly marvellous; for, though the lips writhed, though the features were drawn together, and the whole frame wrung by the torture, not a syllable of complaint or reproach was ever uttered. The only exclamation which escaped their lips was, "If I die under this sharp trial, let my brethren know that I died in the true faith of the Prophet."

During one of my daily visits among the wounded, on arriving at a small spot of ground, surrounded for the most part by a group of huts, which formed a village, my attention was suddenly drawn to a crowd of busy children seated under the spreading branches of a plane-tree, laughing in all the joyousness of infancy, and wholly absorbed in the interest of a game, much like our familiar one, Hunt the Slipper. On a sudden, their innocent noisy mirth was changed into shrieks wild and piercing as those "of an agonizing king!" A ball from the guns of the castle in the town had fallen among them, mangled the leg of one of the poor little urchins, and, after making a *ricochet* over the wall of an adjoining garden, buried itself under the soil. The voices of the little band at this awfully sudden shock, instantly brought the inhabitants out from the neighbouring huts. At other times the rude noise of the children in their sports might have been as loud as that just heard—but there was now an intensity of exclamation—the broken shriek was renewed without its being scarcely perceptible that its course had been interrupted for half an instant! these were sounds uttered in that note which imminent and present peril alone brings forth—sounds, that discover to us by instinct, that danger is near at hand. What ear is there so obtuse which cannot easily perceive the difference between the rattling of cordage, the fluttering of sails, the noise of winds and waters, the removal of guns, and the striking peculiarity in the sound of a man's fall from aloft on the deck! However bewildering these noises may be, there is a dulness, a deadness, in such a fall, which cannot be mistaken, and which startles every one, whether engaged in duty or at the table of the mess! Such was the difference between the present cry and the usual boisterous shouts of the children.

It was at this moment that I reached the spot where this sorrowful group had assembled. The mother of the child, on her knees, hung bending over her offspring; her hands were clasped—excess of grief had stopped her voice, but her sobs were fearfully deep and loud. From my frequent visits among them I was immediately recognised; even the unhappy mother herself seemed to share in the recognition, as she cast her dark troubled eye on me, and then wistfully threw it on her mangled child, who was lying insensible from the shock its whole system had received. The only chance of saving the child's life, and that chance was remote in the extreme, was, I knew, in amputation. Such, however, was the state of exhaustion of the patient, so entirely had its nerves been shattered, that I dared not venture to propose so hazardous a remedy. The reputation which attached to me, from the several previous successful operations, induced the friends of the mother to urge me to undertake it in the present instance. And though I stated to them plainly and fairly my worst anticipation, still, as they continued firmly impressed with the idea, and it was the correct one too, that it was the only chance left of preserving life, after stimulants had been administered to restore the system somewhat, if possible, the painful operation was performed. My fears was but too truly verified, and the poor sufferer sunk under the shock in the course of the same evening.

It seemed, strange to tell, that it was under no impression of the acuteness of the pain attendant upon amputation which had made some of those present hesitate to desire recourse being had to it; their disinclination arose from the unavoidable necessity of exposing to the view of a Christian tabib, during its performance, that portion of the frame which every nation, whether civilized or savage, deems right, from a sense of decency, to veil with the most scrupulous attention. I confess I long regretted having consented to this amputation, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties which urged me to it. Without it there could be no shadow of hope for the child's life—it was the only chance, though this only chance was scarcely better than the shade of a shadow. It was, therefore, no little consolation to me when, some weeks after, on accidentally meeting with the mother on the edge of the desert, in company with two or three of the neighbours who had assisted at the time, they all expressed their liveliest gratitude for my attention; the former adding, in a tone of voice which I shall ever remember, and with the tear starting from her big eye, that though she had been bereaved of her child, she was satisfied all had been done for the best.

I should expose myself probably to the imputation of having pilfered from the pages of the well-known Joe Miller, or of following the example of the famous Baron Munchausen in the embellishments which he gives to his narrative, were I to relate in how inconceivably short time the cure of gun-shot wounds was effected among the inhabitants of this part of the world. I have known an instance of a man, whose thumb was taken off at the upper joint, walking home, a distance of three or four miles, immediately after the operation, and the next day he was seen at his duty in the trenches, as if nothing had happened to him. In another case, the amputation of an arm between the wrist and the elbow, within a week after the operation, the patient was again engaged in all the turmoil of action, using his mutilated arm as a rest for steadying his aim when discharging his musket. The simple mode in which they live, may in some measure account for this; but it proves beyond doubt, that the stamina of the constitution must be more than ordinarily strong.

It was some six or eight days after the death of the poor little girl, that I received a message from the Bey, requesting that I would wait on him when I next went on shore. In compliance with this invitation, or rather, as I ought to express myself in courtly phraseology, in obedience to the commands of his Excellency, *utrum mavis accipe*, I hastened the following morning, in expectation of the interview, and found his Highness already at the landing-place when I stepped out of the boat. I had reason to think, from the message having been delivered to me direct from the Bey, that something more than common was on the tapis, and I was still further strengthened in my belief that such was the case, when, in return to my bow, his Highness made his salam by pressing his right hand to his breast with an unwonted grace; his dark and sunk eyes also shone with an unusual brightness, and a more than half smile played over his pale oval countenance. A rare sight in an Eastern prince, in whose looks sedate gravity generally reigns undisturbed.

After we had withdrawn somewhat from the public gaze, the communication made to me, through an interpreter, was to the following effect:—"The only sister of his Highness, who was beloved by him with an affection which one could hardly have expected would have found a place in a heart where treachery and treason were said to lodge, and whose open deeds were many of them such as would more than 'shock the conscious eye of truth,'—this sole companion of his childhood, though she complained of no acute pain, was, as he thought he had cause to fear, sinking slowly into the grave. And though every one of those about her, who was supposed to know anything of the healing art, was positive in asserting that there was no immediate cause for alarm, yet it was clear that her brother had little or no faith in their prognostication. 'I don't dispute,' he would say, 'your advice being good; though I don't find the state of my sister improved by it. We are all of us wise when we are hale and strong; but when sickness comes, where is our wisdom?' words which have often since reminded me of the trite saying of old Terence, 'Facile omnes, quum valeamus, recta consilia ægrotis damus.'"

The subject which had induced his Highness to seek my advice being thus broached, I was invited to accompany him to his palace, in order that ulterior measures might be taken; and accordingly, mounted on an Arab steed, but little, if at all inferior to that on which the Bey himself rode, and under an escort of some twenty black troops, "armed *cap-à-piè*, from head to foot," though in respect to their other habiliments, they were not much better furnished than Falstaff's valiant band, we directed our course through a road bounded on each side by lofty mud-walls, over which the dark green branches of the date-trees in the gardens inclosed by them seemed to frown upon us, as if we were usurpers in their quiet domain. During this ride of about a mile and a half, I uttered not a syllable. The Bey, however, kept up an almost incessant and earnest conversation with the military personage who had acted as interpreter, the subject of which, from my ignorance of the language, was altogether unintelligible to me.

The palace of his Highness was a huge, dull-looking building as to its exterior. The interior was divided into four squares, forming so many distinct mansions, communicating with each other by strong iron gates. A balustraded gallery ran round the inhabited apartments, which were on the first floor, with windows looking into the courts inclosed by them. The main entrance was through a turreted gateway, which made my blood curdle within me as I crossed its threshold, and found myself within the gloom of its arch—a gloom rendered indescribably more striking by the contrast between its shade and the dazzling sunlight of the sandy plain which we had just quitted. It was an entrance indeed which might well have served the immortal Dante for a prototype, when he penned his incomparable lines, describing in all the fearful dignity of verse, the gates of hell!

Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

On its battlements were suspended the heads of numerous captives taken during the present war—a war literally of life or death—left there to putrify and rot, till the breeze should sweep away their crumbling remains! Attached to the door-posts, one on each side the entrance, hung the corpses of two spies, erect in posture, still arrayed in the same garments which had covered them, when, some few days before, strangulation had put an end to their existence, grinning ghastly, as if the *mode* of their death might be divined by the tortured lineaments which their countenances yet retained! Can it be, thought I, that within these "towers and battlements,"—within walls thus polluted by these savage tokens of success,—"some beauty lies, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes!" Can such unhallowed precincts confine within them the lovely forms with which imagination loves to invest the fair tenants of the harem! It was not precisely fear which made me now shrink back; it was the loathsome disgust, the sickening horror, which this sight inspired me with, that for the moment totally unnerved me; but the feeling was but momentary. I remembered that this sink of abomination was scarcely out of reach of the frigate's guns, and that to provoke her wrath, was more than the lion, even in this, his den, dared to do—and so went boldly forward.

The Bey, the interpreter, who was ever his *fidus Achates*, and myself, had now passed through the first court of the palace, which served as a cavalry barrack. Around it were ranged horses ready saddled, while their sable riders in their accoutrements, were smoking in groups, awaiting the tambour's "token of war." The second court bore the appearance of a deserted garden: in its centre stood a fountain, whose waters had ceased to flow. Its parterres and walks were overrun with the wild luxuriance of shrubs common to a warm climate. To the eye of a European, these eastern palaces generally present an appearance of neglect, as if they had seen the light of better days; but here there was more than this, ruin seemed to stare one in the face! The third square court was the residence of the Bey himself, and bore marks of being more attended to than either of those two which we had already traversed, though not so decidedly superior to them, as to strike one that it was the abode of the highest personage of the realm. Here it was that, after we had been shown into a spacious lofty apartment, the serious part of the business commenced. The furniture of this room consisted of nothing more than an ottoman, which ran round three sides of it, elevated a step at the upper end, and covered with fine ruby-coloured cloth—the apparatus for making coffee, a goodly display of pipes, whose long tubes of jasmine or cherry-wood were decked at one end with amber mouth-pieces, and at the other with ornamented bowls, whose workmanship and materials might rival the finest Samian ware.

As the Bey seated himself on the raised part of the ottoman, and coffee and pipes were handed to us, I was greatly struck not only with the novelty of my position, but with the person and looks of his Highness. In stature, he was somewhat above the middle size, and more corpulent than is usually the case at the age of twenty-five. He wore a flowing yellow robe, of a texture resembling our mousselines de laine, confined by a purple sash round the waist. His boots were of yellow morocco leather, and on his head was a green cachemere turban of numerous folds; a silver-hilted scimitar hung from his side, in a polished brass sheath; and his girdle was thickly studded with dirks and pistols. In his face there was a sallow hue—lines which should have come later, had marred its smoothness with signs of care and thought—an expression of intelligence and daring gleamed from his dark bright eye, which served to show that within the man there were feelings at work far different from those which the placid exterior look betokened.

The question now raised through the interpreter, whose every word the Bey seemed to watch with intense interest, was, as to whether a verbal description of his sister's ailment would not be sufficient to enable me to prescribe for her. After a decided negative had been returned to this proposition, the next point mooted was to the effect, that his Highness considered if such a proceeding were impracticable, surely the feeling of the patient's pulse would amply satisfy me as to the course of treatment which ought to be pursued. My answer to

this second proposition was, that I was entirely at the command of his Highness, but that I deemed such restrictions incompatible with the confidence which in Europe was universally placed in a physician, and that I must have an account of her complaint from the lips of the lady herself, and be permitted to see her face, otherwise my services could be of no avail, and I must beg to decline interfering in a case which seemed to affect him so deeply—a feeling which did honour to his heart. At this firm and respectful expression of my resolve, the Bey appeared to be no little perplexed: he seemed to be convinced that the remedy lay within his reach, but the price to be paid for it startled him—that his sister should unveil her countenance, and suffer it to be gazed on and examined by a Christian, was more than he could bring himself to. For a while he was totally silent, and bent his eyes downward, then muttered some broken sentences, and, at length, addressing the interpreter, said, "If it must be so, I grant it."

After having brought himself to decide thus on the subject in debate, his mind seemed relieved from a world of anxiety, his usual placidity of countenance returned, and he gave orders that the inmates of the harem might expect our arrival among them. The entrance to this forbidden retreat was through a massy iron gate, which separated it from that portion of the palace which the Bey himself occupied, strictly guarded by some half score blacks, armed to the teeth, whose emaciated looks told too plainly that they had undergone the painful sacrifice of excluding themselves "from the pleasures of love, and from the hope of posterity," in order to render themselves eligible for so delicate and important a trust. The chief of this wan-looking band, who was a tolerable master of the Italian language, ushered us into the guarded precinct—a square court similar to those I had already passed through—and though the fountain in its centre was dry, there was a much greater appearance of cleanliness and neatness, an air of comfort pervading it, far superior to any thing hitherto noticed. It was still as a midnight churchyard, not a trace in any spot of it, or in its surrounding balconies, which would lead one to imagine that its silence was ever broken by the sound of human voice, or its soil trodden by foot of mortal! I half suspected for a moment that we had intruded ourselves into some nook doomed to silence by magic charms and spells, where not even a breath of the breeze from the desert was allowed to enter, such a quiet was there reigning here! A flight of stairs led to the balcony upon which the apartment we now entered opened. In size and height it was but little different from that in which my conversation with the Bey had been carried on. The ottomans around it were disposed in a similar manner, and covered with cloth of a lighter hue than that which was spread over the seat in his Highness's chamber, with here and there a flower embroidered in gold. Three or four small Turkey rugs completed the furniture of this apartment.

On different parts of the ottoman sat six figures, heedless of our entrance, as it seemed; enveloped in loose robes, their heads and faces covered with veils of the same colour and texture as the other part of their dress. Not a tiny atom either of foot or hand was allowed to project from the folds of their vestments—not a whisper or breath, even the faintest, was to be heard. They might have been the marble effigies of so many females, so motionless were they all. At some little distance from the rest, sat two of these strange figures; to these two, according to a silent intimation given by the Bey, our steps were directed, and his Highness, myself, and our pale interpreter, stood before them.

These were the invalid sister and her mother, to whom the Bey now addressed himself, and the charm of his voice seemed immediately to impart symptoms of life; for, though at present, they answered not a syllable, yet the gentle rustling of their robes was proof that something more than marble was enveloped by them. As to the features of the shrouded fair ones, the matter was still a perfect mystery. They might, perchance, be moulded in all the obese rotundity of a Hottentot dame, or with the delicate symmetry of the Venus de Medici, or a nymph of Diana, fashioned by the "prentice hand," or reduced to perfection by the masterly touches of nature.

The voice first heard to proceed from the lips of these veiled tenants of the harem, was evidently, from its sound, that of the mother, who, without much ado, entered very loquaciously into the details of her daughter's disease; and, with all the confidence of a village doctress, suggested the application of a blister, as a certain cure for her malady. I listened to her tale, if not with profound attention, at least without betraying any symptoms of impatience, and requested permission to ascertain the state of the pulse; when from beneath the invalid's robes came forth slowly a hand of pearly whiteness, soft as the finest fur, its tapering fingers almost hidden by a regiment of dazzling rings, and with nails of that peculiar purple blush, which an infusion of the juice of the henna plant produces—a hand which, till that moment, had never been polluted by touch of any "faithless Giaour." Notwithstanding the stipulation already made, it required yet a little farther persuasion on my part, before the Bey would consent that the veil should be withdrawn. When at length this permission had been granted, it was somewhat surprising to see the ready ease with which the lady ridded herself of her incumbrances. I was prepared to expect at least a show of reluctance on this point, but there was clearly nothing of the kind. Her manner at once evinced that she felt a real delight at being thus allowed to release herself from her thralldom, and to stand "confessed in all her charms." The intelligence of my arrival at the palace had doubtless allowed her time to consult the mirror before I was introduced into her presence, an opportunity of which it can scarcely be supposed possible she had not taken care to avail herself; but however this may be, certain it is, that she exhibited none of that backwardness or *mauvaise honte* which might have been expected from one whose even tenor of life had been almost entirely passed within the walls of a seraglio, and to whom "the strangest sight" was "a European face."

Her charms, according to our ideas of female beauty, were not of the highest order. She had passed her teens a year or two since, was of a moderate height, somewhat inclined to the *embonpoint*. Her oval face bore a strong resemblance to that of her brother: her eyes were dark, and shone with that depth and brilliancy which are so characteristic of an Oriental beauty, and the arch of her eyebrows was strongly and clearly defined. There was a paleness over her whole countenance, unrelieved by any colour. Her dress was a deep ruby-blush cachemere, confined at the waist and upwards, but otherwise floating loosely about her; and as she moved, was discovered a delicate foot and ankle, unhosed, but protected by an exquisitely embroidered slipper. Her raven hair, on the due adjustment of which she evidently bestowed no trifling pains, was confined at the back part of the head by a fillet of gold and crimson tissue.

It cannot be supposed that I should so far forget myself or the established usages of the faculty, as to enter into the details of this novel case—the cause of the malady might be easily attributed to the sedentary mode of life followed by the patient, whose confinement had possibly been greater since the breaking out of the war. This interview, on my first introduction within the walls of the harem, was of about a quarter of an hour's duration, when, having promised to forward the necessary medicines, received the thanks of his Highness, those

of his sister and her mother, the last of whom continued veiled during the whole visit; at the earnest solicitations of all, I promised to return at my earliest convenience: and having made a very respectful bow to the whole party, to which mark of politeness that portion of it whose faces still remained hidden from mortal gaze, seemed totally insensible, I was permitted to withdraw.

Since, the state of the patient in the present case gave me no ground for alarm, I had other motives for wishing to repeat my visit. Curiosity prompted me to discover, if it were possible, what was the private life, what the *domesticum otium*, if I may so term it, of these inmates of the harem; in short, to ascertain the daily routine of their occupations. And as if Dame Fortune, who seldom smiles benignantly on me, were viewing my present designs with a friendly eye, it so fell out, that at my return to the palace, certain such grave and important matters of state were under the consideration of the Bey and his Council, that to my great astonishment, for I had not the remotest idea that such a strong proof of confidence would be reposed in me, my admittance into the harem was granted under the sole guardianship of the same sable keeper of the massy gate who had before been our attendant.

At this interview, whether it arose from the absence of the Bey, or from my not being so entirely a stranger, there was much less reserve exhibited than before. The timidity of the young lady was much diminished—the elder one dropped her veil—they both conversed with apparent freedom, and a basket of sweetmeats was handed to me. The other occupants of this secluded chamber also, though as yet they ventured not to uncover their faces, by an occasional movement in their position, put the question, as to their being endowed with life and the power of motion, beyond a matter of doubt.

Affairs went on thus smoothly for some six or eight days, during which interval the fair patient's health underwent a gradual improvement, when even the surveillance of the gaunt black interpreter was withdrawn and an unrestricted *entrée* allowed me. Before this event happened I had necessarily become more familiar with these recluses; some had even for a while withdrawn their veils, and enabled me to perceive that in imagination I had given them credit for a much larger share of beauty than they could justly pretend to. But now that we became known to each other face to face, it was amusing in the extreme to watch their characters and manners. Each, in her own fancy at least, was suffering some ailment or other, and pressed me eagerly to prescribe for her, at the same time offering her wrist as a proof that the state of her pulse would verify her assertions. In short, had I prescribed for them according to their wishes, it would have required a very much larger stock of medicines than my chest placed at my command, or than I had the means of procuring. An apothecary, *par breveté*, to an establishment of this kind, would be an appointment equally good as the situation of him who is

Father-in-law

To a very magnificent three-tailed Pacha.

The gold lace on my cap and my uniform buttons were objects of great attraction to the ladies. But what seemed to excite their particular curiosity were the plaits of my shirt-front. These they more than once examined very minutely, evidently showing that they had not made any very great proficiency in the art of the seamstress. The manner, indeed, in which their day was spent, was, and still is, a matter of some little astonishment to me. I was in the habit of visiting them at all hours of it, sometimes by appointment, at others totally unexpected. But whatever might be the time of my arrival, there was never any sign of occupation among them—I constantly found them sitting on the ottoman in a kind of listless indolence. It can scarcely be reckoned strange that reading should have afforded them no amusement, since the education, if it can be called education, which Eastern ladies are blest with, is at so miserably low an ebb, that anything in the shape of printing or writing would give them as much trouble to discover its meaning as the deciphering a Mexican or Egyptian hieroglyphic would cause us. But that I should never at any chance time of my visiting them have observed any traces of needlework, or of those nicnacs which afford a continual source of amusement to the fair ones in their rank of life in all countries with the least pretensions to civilization, does appear unaccountable. There was not among them even the presence of a "token-flower" to tell "what words can never express so well"—nor even this pleasing emblem, to prove that though shut out from the enlivening view of the wild charms of Nature, they were not altogether insensible to her simple beauties! With them, indeed, "lonely and wearily life wears away."

From all that I have now narrated respecting this "bevy of beauty," it would be wrong to infer that I intend to cast upon it the lightest breath of slander. There was an air of simplicity and sprightliness in the behaviour of these inmates of the harem, but it evinced no tendency to a reproachable levity. I was the first stranger with whom they had become at all familiar, and my presence served to divert the usual current of their thoughts, and to afford relief to the dull and tedious monotony of their secluded life. These were the only moments of their existence in which the novelty of circumstance, and exemption from restraint, allowed a free course to that winning cheerfulness which so beautifully characterises the disposition of woman.

Among the strange characters which one so unexpectedly meets with in his roamings through the world, there was one who had fixed his domicile in this wild place, whose career had been marked by singular vicissitudes. A native of Scotland, and verging towards threescore years and ten, he was no less a personage than Admiral of the Tripolitan fleet. From his lengthened sojourn among them, in dress, in manner, in everything, he so entirely resembled the inhabitants of his adopted country, that had he not chosen to avow himself, there would have been no suspicion of his having been born north of the Tweed. So carefully did he shun the society of Europeans, that not only was his origin a secret to those who might perchance have been led to this spot, either by commerce or otherwise, but many even of the resident consuls were ignorant of his origin. Nor should I in all probability have become acquainted with his history had not the accidental recoil of a gun inflicted a wound on his arm, which induced him to apply to me for advice. His accent at once left no doubt as to which part of the United Kingdom he owed his birth. But as there are often very many tender points connected with the personal history of such characters as the Admiral, I did not wish to be the first to broach a subject, the particulars of which might not, perhaps, be such as he would find pleasure in recalling to his recollection.

More than forty years before the period to which I am now alluding, an English merchant vessel, on her homeward-bound voyage, had been stranded on the coast of Tripoli, three only of the crew escaping with their lives, of which number the Admiral was one. As this disaster occurred long before the semi-barbarians had discovered their own weakness—long before Lord Exmouth and his gallant band had taught them that the hornet-nest at Algiers was not invincible, the life led by these shipwrecked wretches was not an enviable one. The Christian dogs were buffeted, huffed, and booied at every step; the life of a Hampshire grey was the life of a prince in comparison with that they now led. The Admiral, being of an enterprising character, and a thoroughly good sea-

man, seeing that matters went thus hard with him, and that there appeared to be no probability of their speedy terminating, volunteered his services on board a galley which was on the eve of sailing, with what we should call a roving commission—a license which the crew turned to the very best account, and without the least scruple of conscience, plundered every bark they were fortunate enough to fall in with during a three weeks' cruise. It was during this first essay in his new mode of life that the skill and courage of the Admiral were discovered and began to be appreciated. The sequel was, that in course of time he had been advanced to his present rank—but the title was now a mere shadow, "*nominis umbra*," the whole fleet once under his command having gradually dwindled away, so that, at this moment, there remained nothing, save a cockle-shell of a gun-boat, which at Lloyd's would not have found insurance even for a passage from Dover to Calais. The scenes which he had witnessed in these dark and desperate adventures were many of them such as he dared not dwell upon.

Quis talia fando,
Temperet à lacrymis?

The deeds related to have been perpetrated in other days by the Barbary Corsairs, or their counterparts, the Buccaneers, found their equals in the achievements in which the Admiral in his youth had borne a part.

He was now in the enjoyment of an income amply sufficient to supply him with all the necessities, and even luxuries, such as they were, of those of his station in this his adopted home. He had, moreover, taken to himself a wife, a near relation of the Bey, and had by her a family of children, who betrayed no traces of having a drop of northern blood in their veins. It may have been already inferred, that before he arrived at his present rank the Admiral had been under the necessity of conforming to the creed of Mahomet—the Koran was his Bible, the Prophet his Saviour—at least, so all believed. For in one of his conversations on the days o' lang syne, and the braes of bonny Scotland, a subject on which with me he loved to dwell, though with others he was never known to revert to the times of his childhood, and his then happy home, he told me, all unasked, in a tone of earnestness, and scarcely louder than a whisper, and looking cautiously round under his grey eye-lids as if fearful of his words being overheard, that though he had embarked on "the homeless sea" when little more than an infant, the lessons taught him by his mother were still fresh in his memory,—and then, pressing my arm with his hand, to fix my attention more earnestly, he added, "I am, as you see, outwardly a Mahometan, but in my heart a sinful Christian." There was a wildness in his looks, as he uttered these last words, which startled and grieved me to the heart—to find one of strong mind, quick apprehension, and bold resolve, thus playing the hypocrite and wearing a garb which the trammels he had fettered himself with allowed no hope of his ever being able to lay aside. Well might the poet say,—

What a tragical web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.

And as a glaring proof that he looked upon the honours which had been thus heaped upon him,—honours which in his wildest imagination he could scarcely have dreamed would have fallen to his lot, as no subject for congratulation, he had not so much as communicated a syllable of tidings respecting his fate to any of his kindred, nor had he sought any intelligence of their welfare, since the time he quitted the hearth of his fathers.

The untimely fate of the Bey now remains to be told. The war continued to drag its slow length along for many months after we had left the station, without any decisive advantage having resulted to either party, when at the break of a day which burst forth with more than usual brightness, a Turkish squadron of considerable force was discovered in the offing. This was an event which had been for some time expected, though neither party knew precisely into which scale the overwhelming weight of the Sultan's power would be thrown. It was soon, however, clear to the Bey, that notwithstanding all his endeavours to induce the new comers to espouse his cause, his antagonists had the vantage-ground of him. The Pasha, in command of the naval equipment, either in obedience to the orders he had brought with him, the tenor of which he had not thought proper to divulge, or from motives of policy, or the influence of bribery, at length formally announced his determination to aid the adverse party. When he had fully assured himself of this fact, and of the consequent hopelessness of his cause, the Bey, without communicating his intention to a single individual among those who still faithfully adhered to him, rode forth alone some hundred yards into the desert, stopped his horse, and, turning round, cast a momentary glance on the palace within whose walls were dwelling his parent, his sister, and the inmates of his harem, then unsheathing his scimitar, he hurled its naked blade, with a stern look of defiance, towards the city, drew forth from his girdle a pistol, and placing it close to his temples, in an instant ceased to live.

The corpse lay stretched along the ground, a prey to the wild beasts of the desert, till the bare bones, the only part left by their mangling jaws, were buried under the drifting sands.

NO CONCEALMENTS!—A DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

It was agreed between us before we married—nay, it was made a *sine qua non* on both sides, and established as a Mede-and-Persian matrimonial law—that there were to be "no concealments between us!" As many confidences as we could contrive to secure by and for each other, but no secret unshared. What I knew, she was to know; what she heard, I was to hear. Our eyes and ears, our hearts and souls even, were to be eyes, ears, hearts, and souls, in common.

We might have our little mistakes now and then, brief controversies, momentary dissensions even—transparent shadows flitting between us and felicity, like thin fleecy clouds over the moon's face that rather embellish than obscure the light—but there was to be no mystery. We were not to pretend to throw open our whole hearts to the very inmost recesses, and then lock up one particular chamber better worth peeping into, perhaps, than all the rest. No; we were to have no reserved key, but be free to pry into everything, Bluebeardisms and all.

And admirably the system worked. "Marianne," said I, "you know you are at full liberty to ransack my writing-desk at all hours; there can be nothing there or elsewhere that I should conceal from you. Any letters of mine, as soon as they arrive, you are free to open, only taking care to place them in my letter-case, that I may be sure to see them. Or if they should come first into my hands, you would only find them open instead of sealed, that's all the difference."

"And I'm sure," would be the reply, "I shall always be as unreserved with you. I should never dream of receiving any letter, and then locking it up, or hiding it. If it only enclosed a milliner's bill, I should bring it to you."

"Thank you, my dear. Charming confidence!"

It certainly worked admirably for a long while—two or three months—and might have been quite a perfect system, only we had bound ourselves by such

solemn vows to have no concealments from one another, that conscience was rarely quite at ease, and sometimes felt its rose-leaves a little rumpled and uncomfortable, when happening to call to recollection some trifling affair that had never been communicated, for the simple reason that it had never been remembered.

As for myself I cannot say that I was so much a victim to sensibility, thus wrought upon by a too literal reading of the bond into which we had both entered; Marianne was the principal martyr.

Sometimes, perhaps, I found her looking at me at breakfast with almost half a tear in each eye, her coffee getting cold, and her newspaper (containing possibly a breach of promise, or even a murder) unread. After scalding my throat with my hot second cup in a natural emotion of surprise, as well as anxiety to know what was the matter, I discovered that she did not feel "quite right," but rather as if she were intentionally suppressing a fact which I had a claim to know—that she was quite sure she had no motive for concealment, and was even unconscious of having a secret, until she woke up in the night thinking about it—and really, then, foolish as it was, she could not help crying about it too; for of this she was certain, that there could be no affection where there was concealment.

And what was the mighty secret after all!

"Oh, no! you mistake me. It is no mighty secret—far from it; for they are only mere acquaintances, the Pimbles, though pleasant people enough; but I fancied the concealment might look intentional. It is something Mrs. Pimble told me the other day when we dined there. There is a probability of her girl marrying; yes, so she says; pretty well—an India man; but I believe the event will not take place these ten months."

"Oh, well, if that's all, the secret was not a mighty one. I could have waited the ten months for the news, and you know I should have been sure to have heard it then."

"That's very true, my dear; but then, you know, in the meantime, concealment—"

Such sensibility could not be too tenderly estimated; and when I looked round my little world of friends, and my wide universe of acquaintances, delightful indeed was the contrast which this candour and openness presented. In all directions I could hear family phrases flying about, such as—"My wife knows nothing of this;" or, "You need not mention it before Edward;" or, "There is no occasion to tell Jane things of this kind;" or, "He hates to hear about such matters, so not a syllable, if you please;" while we, in our little matrimonial sanctum, had set up a confessional for all innocent communications, and as often as we had anything to say, and a good deal oftener, to that we could repair for a blissful interchange of confidence.

It was necessary to give a thought occasionally to the chilling reserve discernible in families around us, for so I could afford to think less of the trifling inconveniences attendant upon our own system. Every day brought with it a half dozen small secrets for Mrs. Shallowlove to hide from her husband—"matters that for her part she had no idea of telling S. about;" but, on the contrary, every day brought to my ears, fresh from the innocent lips of my wife, a hundred absurdities which there was no earthly occasion to mention to anybody.

"Oh, you are here, are you! I have only just six words—when you have finished your letters will do."

"No, Marianne, now; I'm ready to listen"—and my pen would be laid down, of course.

"Presently would do as well, but I wished to tell you that I have heard from mamma—"

"Yesterday, my love. She was quite well, all was going smoothly, and she had nothing to communicate, you told me."

"Yes, but I have heard again from her this morning; half-an-hour ago, only I have had no opportunity of telling you, and I can't bear anything to be dwelling on my mind. Here is her letter, you can read it. She has no intelligence to add to that she sent yesterday, and has therefore nothing to say."

"Oh!"

"Oh, and I never told you that Mr. Duckit has let his house to—"

"Was his house to let, Marianne! I didn't know—"

"Yes. Oh, yes, his house was to let; and he has now let it, I am told—the fixtures taken at a fair valuation. Besides that, it seems he means to retire from business, and sell his Canadian property."

"Ah, very well, Marianne; I suppose he knows his own business, whatever it is, though we scarcely know him but by sight."

"No, to be sure, we know nothing of him, only I thought I wouldn't conceal—Oh, and that little Miss Elderby, a chattering thing—she has just been here, and I fancied you would wonder what in the world she could be telling me—"

"Not I, indeed; and I hope you don't think it necessary—"

"Yes, but I do; though there's really little or nothing to tell, except that Dr. Quick has had notice this morning to be in attendance at the Rectory"—(a little cough here)—"the rector prays for a little girl, as they have but eight—but I understand his wife's wishes in that respect are not exactly his."

"I heartily wish, my dear, that both parties may be gratified; and now, if you have no objection, I'll finish my letter."

"To be sure, certainly; indeed I have nothing to add, nor should I have communicated all this, and certainly not the particulars last mentioned, relative to affairs at the Rectory, only I am of opinion that where there is concealment—"

It was natural that I should contract, to some extent, the same habit; and I at first found myself gravely relieving my mind of a multitude of insignificances daily, the smallness of which made them a tremendous burthen to bear. Perhaps some event undisclosed, unconfided—concealed, suppressed within my own bosom—has been recollected after quitting the house to take my morning stroll; and the door has been opened again, that I might mention the interesting fact—

"I quite forgot to apprise you, Marianne, of a step which I conceived it right to take two days ago. I have ordered a new hat—as you rather object to the shape of this—and I would not have you be taken by surprise."

Or perhaps, when she was just starting on her own trip, I called her back to say—"About the county-asylum, to which I talked of subscribing a couple of pounds. Dearest Marianne, that there may be no concealment in anything between us two, I now mention to you, that I have made it guineas!"

But this scrupulousness on my side soon vanished, and I began to find that I had nothing in the world to communicate, unless an affair of consequence had happened. Not so my wife; there is no end to the feminine conscience under the influence of affection.

It was a little inconvenient to be aroused out of my after-dinner nap, for the mere purpose of receiving a proof that she had nothing to conceal, contained in a demonstration that she had nothing to disclose. But it was still worse, when,

in the midst of a fiery discussion at the club, to be summoned down to the door, and to find Marianne's eager honest face gleaming with a piece of intelligence which she felt it wicked to withhold.

"My darling creature," I cried, "such anxiety and confidential devotion makes the very heart speak within one!"—"my darling creature, so you have something to say, and came here that I might not lose—"

"Yes, to be sure; and so I thought we would drive round this way, for I can keep nothing to myself. The rector's disappointed—it's a boy!"

We never had, however, the least syllable of complaint between us to check the course of mutual confidence; unless it might be thought to come in the form of a small exclamation of surprise, now and then, from the lips of Marianne, at accidentally discovering some insignificance which I had omitted to mention at the confessional.

"And so," Marianne would cry, "you met Mr. Walker the other day! He told me last night, when he came and sat by me, that he had seen you lately!"

"Walker! yes, to be sure, I met him a fortnight ago in Pall Mall."

"You never told me!"

"My dear, I forgot it before I reached home."

"How strange! Now I should have told you!"

That she would.

"When you asked that gentleman in the blue stock to sing last night, you praised his fine voice; I never knew you had heard him before."

"Yes, my dear, I dropped in one night, you may remember, in Wimpole-street, when there was a little music going on. He sang there."

"Really! and so he sang there!" cried Marianne. "Well, I never knew that till now!"

But I must confess, that about the end of the first twelvemonth of our married life, Marianne, perhaps for want of a real grievance, began to imagine one. No, it did not amount to that either. I should rather say, that she took a needless objection to one family group amongst our acquaintances, and cherished a mild dislike which our system of candour and open confession would not of course permit her to conceal.

There was something a little peculiar in the tone of the people, that gave a kind of excuse to her objections. I had not known them long, not at all intimately, yet they wrote to me as to an old friend. As often as Marianne glanced over a letter of theirs, the foolish fluttering thing (never must she see this page!) felt half inclined to tear it, as an unwarrantable and impertinent freedom. There were some young girls too in the case, all monstrous innocent, but giddy as wild birds, and Marianne in fact did not at all like their chirping.

I naturally did what I could to discourage the intimacy, but that was not so easy to accomplish delicately. The letters would come now and then, and my wife would glance over them as usual, lest, as she truly observed, it should appear that she in the least minded such frivolity.

One evening, returning home after a short ramble, I found on the table some parcels of books and papers, which had arrived for me during my absence. Marianne made some reference to them as matters I had anticipated, and left me to open, search, and peruse. Underneath them, on the table, I then found a post-letter, directed in a handwriting not unknown, yet not familiar to me. It was from one of my lively freedom-loving friends—the well-meaning, but not over-refined correspondent, whose gaiety had caused many a little shadow to creep over the fair brow of my Marianne.

This letter I read, and then read again, and then laid down with a feeling of regret not unmixed with anger. I felt that my correspondent had no right, by any conceivable law of feeling or privilege of society, to address me in a manner so mistakeable. I was then associated with their dearest friends; nay, it might have been supposed that I was their near relative, and that I had known them for years was a thing legible in every line!

They commanded rather than invited my presence; I must join them in their excursion; it was all settled; my excellent friends the —s, and —s, whose names I could not have spelt, and whose faces I should not know; Wednesday morning early; magnificent scenery, soul-stirring associations; invigorating breezes, wild freshness of nature; delightful arrangement, partly perfectly Boccaccian. Not a word about my wife. I did think it cool, and it heated me accordingly.

But its effect on me was of no consequence—what would be its effect on the mind of Marianne! So familiar was the tone and style of the epistle, so absurdly inconsistent with the account I had always given, that although I feared not its power to work any unkind suspicion in her mind, I knew well that it would disturb and annoy her. Perfectly blameless as I was, it must yet seem—so very free was my correspondent—that I had insensibly, inadvertently encouraged the unaccountable familiarity. I resolved after a minute's consideration, to spare her the annoyance. Why should she, angel that she was (and is, whether she should chance to see this paper or not!) be even a momentary sufferer by such impertinence! But how to take in safety this first step into the dark regions of secrecy!—how to manage the first violation of our compact!—how to effect my First Concealment!

Mark, ye married youth, that ye may avoid! I said I was blameless—and yet I must needs turn schemer, and work with the tools of guilt.

The letter, having been found under the packets, had been unobserved by me until their removal. Marianne had made no mention of it, the seal was unbroken—perhaps she had not seen it at all. What then so easy? I would burn it at once. Not so;—stop! If she had not seen the letter itself, she must have heard the postman's knock—our house was not so large (how the family has increased!) and she knew that a letter had been left. To put it aside—to half-hide it for the evening, would, if she should chance to notice its absence, or spy the epistle itself, look most awkward and suspicious. It would d. note my consciousness of something, and deprive me of the power of explaining anything. I should be convicted of a desire to conceal, without profiting by my guilt.

The thought struck me—yes, I had it. Happily the letter, though from the same family party, was not from the same person who had frequently written; and even if Marianne had seen it, it was unlikely that she had recognised the hand. Forth from my pocket I drew a letter which I had brought from the club—it was from Tom Jones, of St. John's, to come and smoke with him. Triumphant drawing Tom's letter from its envelope, and performing the same operation with respect to the new comer, I placed the jolly smoker's summons in the envelope of my objectionable correspondent, thrust one into my pocket, and threw the other carelessly on the table. There it lay! To all appearance, the very same, save and except its broken seal, that I had found there! That was the letter just left by the postman! What a masterpiece of policy.

I felt, at the moment, that I ought at least to get a secretaryship to an embassy from the government. My talents had been sadly thrown away—buried alive under heaps of honesty!

While thus pleasantly musing, wandering as I may say between Constantinople and Madrid, Marianne entered. I was then deeply busied in my books

and papers. There lay the clever deception—the innocent, the criminal epistle,—the sheep in wolf's clothing. My Marianne, after a minute or two, approached the table, and took it up. I never raised my eyes, nor seemed conscious of the action. There was silence—broken but by the rustling of my papers. "Yes," thought I, "you may read with quiet nerves—you cannot know how cunningly I have contrived to spare you an annoyance!"

No sooner had the thought been conceived than a faint moan, a low cry of fright and pain, startled my inmost soul. I looked up, and saw my wife's face perfectly white—

"The lively blood had gone to guard her heart."

Her limbs trembled—fear and anguish were diffused all over her, and she dropped at my feet. I could not speak, surprise kept me dumb, and her feelings first found a voice.

"Oh! what have I done! and what have you done! That is not the letter, but the envelope only. The child, your little nephew, was in the room when it came, and before I could see what he was doing, had seized it and found one side of the cover open—see, here it is—he read the name of the writer—I saw not a word, but only know from whom it came. Oh, why this mystery—this dreadful deception! What am I to think, what fear, what suffer!" And then she sank powerless upon my knees.

A hundred feelings crowded stiflingly into my heart at that instant, but assuredly a silly feeling was uppermost. I had not the emotion of a rascal, of a hypocrite; but I am able to announce to the public in general that the feeling of an enormous fool is a singularly disagreeable one.

Evasion would have been meanness, madness—besides, it was impossible; and with crimsoned cheeks, I instantly fell to my confessions. I explained all in ten words. I drew the real letter—that infernal well-intentioned missive—from my pocket. I convinced her that there was nothing in it, and that I had been betrayed into the most intense folly by anxiety for her—by respect for her very mistakes—by disinterested fondness and affection.

And she believed as readily as she doubted. Well might she doubt, and well might she believe. From that moment—good or evil—there have been no CONCEALMENTS.

THE FIELD OF AUSTERLITZ.

The dispositions for the battle of Austerlitz occupied the entire day. From sunrise Napoleon was on horseback, visiting every position; he examined each battery with the skill of an old officer of artillery; and frequently dismounting from his horse, carefully noted the slightest peculiarities of the ground—marking to his staff, with an accuracy which the event showed to be prophetic, the nature of the struggle, as the various circumstances of the field indicated them to his practised mind.

It was already late, when he turned his horse's head toward his bivouac-hut—a rude shelter of straw—and rode slowly through the midst of that great army. The *Ordre de Jour*, written at his own dictation, had just been distributed among the soldiers; and now around every watch-fire, the groups were kneeling to read the spirit-stirring lines by which he so well knew how to excite the enthusiasm of his followers. They were told "that the enemy were the same Russian battalions they had already beaten at Hollabrunn, and on whose flying traces they had been marching ever since." "They will endeavour," said the proclamation, "to turn our right; but, in doing so, they must open their flank to us—need I say what will be the result! Soldiers, so long as with your accustomed valour, you deal death and destruction in their ranks, so long shall I remain beyond the reach of fire; but let the victory prove, even for a moment, doubtful, your Emperor shall be in the midst of you. This day must decide for ever the honor of the infantry of France. Let no man leave his ranks to succor the wounded—they shall be cared for, by one, who never forgot his soldiers; and with this victory the campaign is ended!"

Never were lines better calculated to stimulate the energy, and flatter the pride of those, to whom they were addressed. It was a novel thing in a general to communicate to his army the plan of his intended battle, and, perhaps, to any other than a French army, the disclosure would not have been rated as such a favor; but their warlike spirit and military intelligence have ever been most remarkably united, and the men were delighted with such a proof of confidence and esteem.

A dull roar, like the sound of the distant sea, swelled along the line from the far right, where the convent of Reygern stood, and, growing louder by degrees, proclaimed that the Emperor was coming.

It was already dark, but he was quickly recognized by the troops, and with one burst of enthusiasm they seized upon the straw of their bivouacs, and setting fire to it, held the blazing masses above their heads, waving them wildly to and fro, amid the cries of "Vive l'Empereur." For above a league along the plain, the red light flashed and glowed, marking out beneath it, the dense squares and squadrons of armed warriors. It was the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation, and such was the *fete* by which they celebrated the day.

The Emperor rode through the ranks uncovered. Never did a prouder smile light up his features, while, thronging around him, the veterans of the Guard struggled to catch even a passing glance at him. "Do not look at us to-morrow, and keep beyond the reach of shot," said a "grogard," stepping forward, "we'll bring their cannon and their colors, and lay them at thy feet." The marshals themselves, the hardened veterans of so many fights, could not restrain their enthusiasm; and proffers of devotion unto death accompanied him as he went.

At last all was silent in the encampment; the soldiers slept beside their watch-fires, and, save the tramp of a patrol, or the "qui vive" of the sentinels, all was still. The night was cold and sharp—a cutting wind blew across the plain, which gave way to a thick mist—so thick, the sentries could scarcely see a dozen paces off.

I sat in my little hovel of straw—my mind far too much excited for sleep—watching the stars as they peeped out one by one, piercing the gray mist, until at last, the day became thin and clear, and a frosty atmosphere succeeded to the weighty fog; and now, I could trace out the vast columns, as they lay, thickly strewn along the plain. The old general, wrapped in his cloak, slept soundly on his straw couch; his deep-drawn breathing showed that his rest was unbroken. How slowly did the time seem to creep along—I thought it must be nigh morning, and it was only a little more than midnight. Our position was a small rising ground about a mile in front of the left centre, and communicating with the enemy's line by a narrow line between the marshes. They had been defended by a battery of four guns, with a stockade in front; and along it now, for a considerable distance, a chain of sentinels were placed, who should communicate any movement that they observed in the Russian lines, of which I was charged to convey the earliest intelligence to the *Quartier-general*. This duty alone would have kept me in a state of anxiety, had not the frame of my mind already so disposed me; and I could not avoid creeping out, from

time to time, to peer through the gloom, in the direction of the enemy's camp, and listen with an eager ear for any sounds from that quarter. At last, I heard the sound of a voice at some distance off—then, a few minutes after, the hurried step of feet, and a voltiguer came up, breathless with haste—

"The Russians were in motion toward the right. Our advanced post could hear the roll of guns and tumbrils moving along the plain, and it was evident their columns were in march."

I knelt down and placed my ear to the ground, and almost started at the distinctness with which I could hear the dull sound of the large guns as they were dragged along;—the earth seemed to tremble beneath them.

I awoke the General at once, who, resting on his arm, coolly heard my report, and having directed me to hasten to head-quarters with the news, lay back again, and was asleep before I was in my saddle. At the top speed of my horse, I galloped to the rear, winding my way between the battalions, till I came to a gently rising ground, where, by the light of several large fires, that blazed in a circle, I could see the dismounted troopers of the *Chasseurs à cheval*, who always formed the imperial body-guard. Having given the word, I was desired by the officer of the watch to dismount, and, following him, I passed forward in the middle of the circle, where, under shelter of some sheafs of straw piled over each other, sat three officers, smoking beside a fire.

"Ha! here comes news of some sort," said a voice I knew at once to be Murat's. "Well, sir, what is't?"

"The Russian columns are in motion, Monsieur le Marechal—the artillery moving rapidly toward our right."

"Diantree! it's not much more than midnight. Davoust, shall we wake the Emperor?"

"No, no," said a harsh voice, as a shrivelled, hard-featured man turned round from the blaze, and showing a head covered by a coarse woollen cap, looked far more like a pirate, than a marshal of France—"they'll not attack before day breaks. Go back," said he, addressing me, "observe the position well, and if there be any general movement toward the southward, you may report it."

By the time I regained my post, all was in silence once more—either the Russians had arrested their march, or already their columns were out of hearing—not a gleam of light could I perceive along their entire position, and now, worn out with watching, I threw myself down among the straw, and slept soundly.

"There—there—that's the third," said General D'Auvergne, shaking me by the shoulder, "there again—don't you hear the guns?"

I listened, and could just distinguish the faint booming sound of far-off artillery, coming up from the extreme right of our position. It was still but three o'clock, and although the sky was thick with stars, perfectly dark in the valley. Meanwhile, we could hear the galloping of cavalry, quite distinctly, in the same direction.

"Mount, Burke, and back to the *Quartier-general*—but you need not, here come some of the staff."

"So D'Auvergne," cried a voice whose tones were strange to me, "they meditate a night-attack it would seem—or is it only trying the range of their guns?"

"I think the latter, Monsieur le Marechal; for I heard no small-arms, and even now, all is quiet again."

"I believe you are right," said he, moving slowly forward, while a number of officers followed at a little distance. "You see, D'Auvergne, how correctly the Emperor judged their intentions. The brunt of the battle will be about Reygern. But there—don't you hear bugles in the valley?"

As he spoke, the music of our *tirailleurs'* bugles arose from the glen in front of our centre, where, in a thick beech wood, the light infantry regiments were posted.

"What is it, D'Esterre?" said he to an officer who galloped up at the moment.

"They say the Russian guard, sir, is moving to the front; our skirmishers have orders to fall back without firing."

I heard this, the Marshall Bernadotte—for it was he—turned his horse round, and rode back, followed by his staff. And now the drums beat in quarters along the line, and the hoarse trumpets of the cavalry might be heard summoning the squadrons throughout the field: while between the squares, and in the intervals of the battalions, single horsemen galloped past with orders. Soult's division, which extended for nearly a league to our right, was the first to move, and it seemed like one vast shadow creeping along the earth, as column behind column marched steadily onward. Our brigade had not as yet received orders, but the men were in readiness beside their horses, and only waiting for the word to mount.

The suspense of the moment was fearful—all that I had ever dreamed or pictured to myself, of a soldier's enthusiasm, was faint and weak, compared to the rush of sensations I now experienced. There must be a magic power of ecstasy in the approach of danger—some secret sense of bounding delight, mingled with the chances of a battle—that render one intoxicated with excitement. Each booming gun I heard, sent a wild throb through me, and I panted for the word, "forward."

Column after column moved past us, and disappeared in the dip of ground beneath; and as we saw the close battalions filling the wide plain in front, we sighed to think that it was destined to be the day of glory, peculiarly to the infantry. Wherever the nature of the field permitted shelter, or the woods afforded cover, our troops were sent to occupy. The great manœuvre of the day was to be the piercing of the enemy's centre, whenever he should weaken that point, by the endeavour to turn our right flank.

A faint streak of gray light was marking the horizon, when the single guns which we had heard at intervals, ceased, and then after a short pause, a long, loud roll of artillery issued from the distant right, followed by the crackling din of small-arms, which increased at every moment, and now swelled into an uninterrupted noise, through which the large guns pealed from time to time. A red glare, obscured now and then, by means of black smoke, lit up the sky in that quarter, where already the battle was raging fiercely.

The narrow causeway between the two small lakes in our front, conducted to an open space of ground, about a cannon-shot from the Russian line, and this, we were now ordered to occupy, to be prepared to act as support to the infantry of Soult's left, whenever the attack began. As we debouched into the plain, I beheld a group of horsemen, who, wrapped up in their cloaks, sat motionless in their saddles, calmly regarding the squadrons as they issued from the wood: these were Murat and his staff, to whom was committed the attack on the Russian guard. His division consisted of the hussars and chasseurs under Kellermann, the cuirassiers of D'Auvergne, and the heavy dragoons of Nansouty, making a force of eight thousand sabres, supported by twenty pieces of field artillery. Again were we ordered to dismount, for although the battle continued to rage on the right, the whole of the centre and left were unengaged.

Thus stood we as the sun rose—that "Sun of Austerlitz" so often appealed

to, and apostrophized by Napoleon, as gilding the greatest of his glories. The mist from the lakes, shut out the prospect of the enemy's lines at first, but gradually this moved away, and we could perceive the dark columns of the Russians, as they moved rapidly along the side of the Pratzen, and continued to pour their thousands toward Reygers.

At last the roar of the musketry swelled louder and nearer, and an officer galloping past, told us that Soult's right had been called up to support Davoust's division. This did not look well: it proved the Russians had pressed our lines closely, and we waited impatiently to hear further intelligence. It was evident, too, that our right was suffering severely, otherwise the attack on the centre would not have been delayed. Just then, a wild cheer to the front drew our attention thither, and we saw the heads of three immense columns, Soult's division, advancing at a run toward the enemy.

"Par St. Louis," cried the General D'Auvergne, as he directed his telescope on the Russian line, "those fellows have lost their senses; see if they have not moved their artillery away from the Pratzen, and weakened their centre more and more. Soult sees it—mark how he presses his columns on. There they go, faster and faster; but look, there's a movement yonder—the Russians perceive their mistake."

"Mount!" was now heard from squadron to squadron: while dashing along the line like a thunderbolt, Murat rode far in advance of his staff—the men cheering him as he went.

"There!" cried D'Auvergne, as he pointed with his finger, "that column with the yellow shoulder-knots—that's Vandamme's brigade of light infantry; see how they rush on, eager to be first with the enemy, but St. Hilaire's grenadiers have got the start of them, and are already at the foot of the hill—it is a race between them."

And so had it become—the two columns advanced, cheering wildly, while the officers, waving their caps, led them on, and others rode along the flanks urging the men forward. The order now came for our squadrons to form in charging sections, leaving spaces for the light artillery between; this done, we moved slowly forward at a walk—the guns keeping, step by step, beside us. A few minutes after, we lost sight of the attacking columns, but the crashing fire told us they were engaged, and that already the great struggle had begun. For above an hour we remained thus: every word loud spoken, seeming to our impatience like the order to move. At last, the squadrons to our right were seen to advance, and then a tremulous motion of the whole line showed that the horses themselves participated in the eagerness of the moment; and, at last, the word came for the cuirassiers to move up. In less than a hundred yards we were halted again, and I heard an aide-de-camp telling General D'Auvergne that Davoust had suffered immensely on the right—that his division, although reinforced, had fallen back behind Reygers—and all now depended on the attack of Soult's columns. I heard no more—for now the whole line advanced in a trot, and as our formation showed an unbroken front, the word came—"faster" and "faster." As we merged from the low ground, we saw Soult's column already half-way up the ascent:—they seemed like a great wedge driven into the enemy's centre, which opening as they advanced, presented two surfaces of fire to their attack.

"The battery yonder has opened its fire on our line," said D'Auvergne—"we cannot remain where we are."

"Forward!" "charge!" came the word from front to rear, and squadron after squadron dashed madly up the ascent. The one word only "charge!" kept ringing through my head—all else was drowned in the terrible din of the advance. An Austrian brigade of light cavalry issued forth as we came up, but soon fell back under the overwhelming pressure of our force, and now we came down upon the squares of the red-brown Russian infantry. Volley after volley sent back our leading squadrons wounded and repulsed, when, unlimbering with the speed of lightning, the horse-artillery poured in a discharge of grape-shot. The ranks wavered, and through their cleft spaces of dead and dying, our cuirassiers dashed in, sabring all before them. In vain the infantry tried to form again; successive discharges of grape, followed by cavalry attacks, broke through their firmest ranks, and at last retreating, they fell back under cover of a tremendous battery of field-guns, which, opening their fire, compelled us to retire into the wood. Nor were we long inactive. Bernadotte's division was now engaged on our left, and a pressing demand came for cavalry to support them. Again we mounted the hill, and came in sight of the Russian guard, led on by the Arch-duke Constantine himself,—a splendid body of men, conspicuous for their size, and the splendor of their equipment. Such, however, was the impetuous torrent of our attack, that they were broken in an instant, and notwithstanding their courage and devotion, fresh masses of our dragoons kept pouring down upon them, and they were sabred, almost to a man.

While we were thus engaged, the battle became general from left to right, and the earth shook beneath the thundering sounds of two hundred great guns. Our position, for a moment victorious, soon changed, for having followed the retreating squadrons too far, the waves closed behind us, and we now saw that a dense cloud of Austrian and Russian cavalry were forming in our rear. An instant's hesitation would have been fatal. It was then that a tall and splendidly dressed horseman broke from the line, and with a cry to "follow," rode straight at the enemy. It was Murat himself, sabre in hand, who, cleaving his way through the Russians, opened a path for us: a few minutes after, we had gained the wood, but one-third of our force had fallen.

"Cavalry!"—Cavalry!" cried a field officer, riding down at headlong speed his face covered with blood from a sabre-cut—"to the front."

The order was given to advance at a gallop, and we found ourselves next instants hand to hand with the Russian dragoons, who having swept along the flank of Bernadotte's division, were sabring them on all sides. On we went, reinforced by Nansouty and his carabiniers, a body of nine thousand men. It was a torrent no force could stem—the tide of victory was with us, and we swept along, wave after wave, the infantry advancing in line, for miles at either side, while whole brigades of artillery kept up a murderous fire without ceasing. Entire columns of the enemy surrendered as prisoners—guns were captured at each instant, and only by a miracle did the Arch-duke escape our huzzars, who followed him, till he was lost to view, in the flying ranks of the allies. As we gained the crest of the hill, we were in time to see Soult's victorious columns driving the enemy before them, while the imperial guard, up to that moment unengaged, reinforced the grenadiers on the right, and broke through the Russians on every side.

The attempt to outflank us on the right, we had perfectly retorted on the left where Lannes' division, overlapping the line, pressed them on two sides and drove them back, still fighting, into the plain, which, with a lake separated the allied armies from the village of Austerlitz: and here took place the most dreadful occurrence of the day. The two roads which led through the lake, were soon so encumbered and blocked up, by ammunition wagons and carts, that they became impassable; and as the masses of the fugitives thickened, they spread over the lake, which happened to be frozen.

It was at this time that the Emperor came up, and seeing the cavalry halted, and no longer in pursuit of the flying columns, ordered up twelve pieces of the artillery of the Imperial Guard, which, from the crest of the hill, opened a murderous fire on them. The slaughter was fearful, as the discharges of grape and round shot, cut channels through the jammed up mass, and tore the dense columns, as it were, into fragments. Dreadful as the scene was, what followed far exceeded it in horror; for soon the shells began to explode beneath the ice, which now, with a succession of reports louder than thunder, gave way. In an instant, whole regiments were engulfed, and amid the wildest cries of despair, thousands sank, never to appear again, while the deafening artillery mercilessly played upon them, till over that broad surface no living thing was seen to move, while beneath, was the sepulchre of five thousand men. About seven thousand reached Austerlitz by another road to the northward; but even these had not escaped, save for a mistake of Bernadotte, who most unaccountably, as it was said, halted his division on the heights. Had it not been for this, not a soldier of the Russian right wing had been saved.

The reserve cavalry and the dragoons of the "Guard," were now called up from the pursuit, and I saw my own regiment pass close by me, as I stood amid the staff, round Murat. The men were fresh and eager for the fray; yet how many fell in that pursuit, even after victory. The Russian batteries continued their fire to the last. The cannoniers were cut down beside their guns, and the cavalry made repeated charges on our advancing squadrons; nor was it till late in the day they fell back, leaving two-thirds of their forces dead or wounded on the field of battle.

On every side, now, were to be seen the flying columns of the allies, hotly followed by the victorious French. The guns still thundered at intervals; but the loud roar of the battle was subdued to the crashing din of charging squadrons, and the distant cries of the vanquishers and the vanquished. Around, and about, lay the wounded, in all the fearful attitudes of suffering; and as we were fully a league in advance of our original position, no succor had yet arrived for the poor fellows whose courage had carried them into the very squares of the enemy.

Most of the staff—myself among the number—were dispatched to the rear for assistance. I remember, as I rode along at my fastest speed, between the columns of infantry and the fragments of artillery, which covered the ground, that a platoon of dragoons came thundering past, while a voice shouted out "Place, place." Supposing it was the Emperor himself, I drew up to one side and uncovering my head, sat in patience till he had passed, when, with the speed of four horses urged to the utmost, a caleche flew by, two men dressed like couriers seated on the box: they made for the high-road toward Vienna, and soon disappeared in the distance.

"What can it mean?" said I, to an officer beside me, "not his Majesty, surely?"

"No, no," replied he, smiling; "it is General Lebrun on his way to Paris with the news of the victory. The Emperor is down at Reygers yonder, where he has just written the bulletin. I warrant you, he follows that caleche with his eye; he'd rather see a battery of guns carried off by the enemy, than an axle break there this moment."

Thus closed the great day of Austerlitz—a hundred cannons, forty-three thousand prisoners, and thirty-two colours, being the spoils of this—the greatest of even Napoleon's victories.

We passed the night on the field of battle—a night dark and starless: the heavens were, indeed, clothed with black, and a heavy atmosphere, lowering and gloomy, spread like a pall over the dead and the dying! Not a breath of air moved; and the groans of the wounded sighing through the stillness, with a melancholy cadence no words can convey! Far away in the distance, the moving lights marked where fatigue-parties went in search of their comrades. The Emperor himself did not leave the saddle till high morning; he went, followed by an ambulance, hither and thither over the plain, recalling the names of the several regiments, enumerating their deeds of prowess, and even asking for many of the soldiers by name. He ordered large fires to be lighted throughout the field, and where medical assistance could not be procured, the officers of the staff might be seen covering the wounded with great-coats and cloaks, and rendering them such aid as lay in their power. Dreadful as the picture was—fearful reverse to the gorgeous splendor of that vast army the morning sun had shone upon, in all the pride of strength and spirit—yet even here was there much to make one feel, that war is not bereft of its humanizing influences. How many a soldier did I see that night, blackened with powder—his clothes torn and ragged with shot, sitting beside a wounded comrade, now wetting his lips with a cool draught—now cheering his heart with words of comfort. Many themselves wounded, were tending others, less able to assist themselves. Acts of kindness and self-devotion—not less in number than those of heroism and courage—were met with at every step; while among the sufferers, there lived a spirit of enthusiasm, that seemed to lighten the worst pangs of their agony. Many would cry out as I passed, to know the fate of the day, and what became of this regiment, or of that battalion. Others could but articulate a faint "*Vive l'Empereur*," which in the intervals of pain they kept repeating, as though it were a charm against suffering; while one question met me every instant, "What says *La petite Corporal*? is he content with us?"

None were insensible to the glorious issue of that day: nor amid all the agony of death, dealt out in every shape of horror and misery, did I hear one word of anger or rebuke to him, for whose ambition they had shed their heart's blood.

THE POLISHED SHOVEL.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Don't use that!" exclaimed my maiden aunt, as I attempted to take the shovel to throw on a fallen coal or two. "You must be a Goth to think of using a polished shovel. It is only for ornament; and there is more time and trouble spent in keeping it so than you imagine."

I owned my *gaucherie*, and stood corrected.

Of course all our readers must have seen or heard of a polished shovel,—as ordinary an appendage of the *grate* as a six-foot show-footman,—a sort of case-hardened sinecurist, who does nothing from one year's end to the other but lol listlessly upon its supporters,—and, although neither wanting in *brightness* nor *reflection*, does nothing and says less, as an Irishman would phrase it.

Alas! and alack a day! (or, according to the ambitious aspiration of an East Indian cadet, "*a lass and a lac a-day*!") there are many, very many polished shovels in society, in human form, who, albeit as ornamental, are as perfectly useless as our acquaintances of the drawing-room stove. They have many of them, probably, been bred to the *bar*; but, contemptuously spurning *Coke*, and never having "taken up" a *Little-ten* in the whole course of their lives, they have no other idea of "conveyancing" than that entertained by the swell mob!

The exquisite-dandy-men of *ton*,—the "honourables," who have Chester-

field and the Book of Etiquette at their finger's ends,—who lounge the Park, dance at Almack's, or bet at Tattersalls', are all "polished shovels" in a greater or less degree, and certainly more ornamental than useful members of the community at large, albeit many of the aforesaid are not of the community "at large," being periodically found within the unsalable walls of the Queen's Bench, the Marshalsea, or

"All in the downs—the Fleet!"

Among these same "polished shovels," ornithologically classed, may be discovered both "rooks" and "pigeons;" for, having literally nothing to do, they "do" one another, or—are "done." And again, ichthyologically classed, some of these stupid and utterly worthless *soils* may be termed "flats" and "gudgeons," and the more knowing ones "*sharks*."

The polished shovels of the feminine gender are principally those young damsels who are "brought out," after having received the finishing polish from some of the "refiners" of Kensington, or elsewhere, who do Berlin worsted work, touch the piano, murder the Italian, and burke the French, and whose "capers" are bare-faced imitations of the real original French, and an imposition on the British public,—whose drawings are like the cheques of men without funds at their bankers', and are generally marked by no effects, or of no account,—and assuredly are never *honoured*, according to the mercantile phrase, being more fitted for a drawing academy.

In the army there are many "polished shovels" forced into a red coat and regimentals by ambitious parents, or

"Because they've nothing else to do,"

and who are "martinets" to the men in the parks and parades, and the admiration of giggling nursery maids; but who generally prefer "home, sweet home" to travel, and always "exchange" when their regiment is ordered abroad, to the great delight of whole ranks and old "files," who are vulgar enough to think that the smell of gun is superior to violet-powder!

In the law, too, there are "polished shovels," and especially among the first houses in town. The firm of Messrs. Varnish Fitzdiddle and Son is composed of three members, all of wealthy families of extensive connexions; they have consequently splendid offices, ruled into the different departments of chancery, conveyancing, common law, &c. &c.; and have only just sufficient parrot-knowledge to discriminate the department, and to send for Figgins or Liggins, as the case may be, who is the principal drudge of that particular section of the law which is desired to be put in action by their respectable clients; and the business is well done, and their bill of costs untaxable, for they are *legally* honest, and are too polished to be pettifoggers, but on their own part they do nothing. "Our chancery" or "our common law clerk" conducts the whole suit, "shovelling up the coals," while they stand by, unsullied and unmoved.

In all government offices the "polished shovels" are very numerous; they are generally branches of the aristocracy, or appointed by ministerial interest; their thirty-third cousin will be found, upon investigation, to be able to command a certain number of votes for a certain borough, and his peculiar interest transforms his relative into the "principal" of some office, who punctually attends from eleven till two, reads the newspaper, yawns, fatigues himself by signing his name to some important documents, and rushes away, precisely as the clock strikes, like a newly-emancipated slave. Four times a-year, however, he is really moved,—that is, when he receives the quarterly payment of his "hard-earned" salary. Unfortunately, with all his "polish," he is not frequently very civil to the "public." Of course there are exceptions; but they are "gentlemen born," and cannot "help it," so we must not praise them for exercising that urbanity which is so natural to that very limited class, that to be "uncivil" would be contrary to their nature and education. We have the pleasure of knowing many such.

At court, which is all *great*, the "polished shovels" are innumerable; but, alas! for pride and poor humanity. More, that great dust-contractor, and contractor of men's views, will, sooner or later, inevitably call upon the "polished shovels," and with his enormous dust-shovel, unfeeling cast them all in one common heap!

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.

When I recovered from my state of insensibility, and once more opened my eyes, I was lying on the bank of a small but deep river. My horse was grazing quietly a few yards off, and beside me stood a man with folded arms, holding a wicker-covered flask in his hand. This was all I was able to observe; for my state of weakness prevented me from getting up and looking around me.

"Where am I?" I gasped.

"Where are you, stranger? By the Jacinto; and that you are *by* it, and not *in* it, is no fault of your'n, I reckon."

There was something harsh and repulsive in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, and in the grating scornful laugh that accompanied them, that jarred upon my nerves, and inspired me with a feeling of aversion towards the speaker. I knew he was my deliverer; that he had saved my life, when my mustang, raging with thirst, had sprung head-foremost into the water; that, without him, I must inevitably have been drowned, even had the river been less deep than it was; and that it was by his care, and the whisky he had made me swallow, and of which I still felt the flavour on my tongue, that I had been recovered from the death-like swoon into which I had fallen. But had he done ten times as much for me, I could not have repressed the feeling of repugnance, the inexplicable dislike, with which the mere tones of his voice filled me. I turned my head away in order not to see him. There was a silence of some moments' duration.

"Don't seem as if my company was over and above agreeable," said the man at last.

"Your company not agreeable! This is the fourth day since I saw the face of a human being. During that time not a bit nor a drop has passed my tongue."

"Hallo! That's a lie," shouted the man with another strange wild laugh. "You've taken a mouthful out of my flask; not taken it certainly, but it went over your tongue all the same. Where do you come from? The beast ain't your'n."

"Mr. Neal's," answered I.

"See it is by the brand. But what brings you here from Mr. Neal's? It's a good seventy mile to his plantation, right across the prairie. Ain't stole the horse, have you?"

"Lost my way—four days—eaten nothing."

"These words were all I could articulate. I was too weak to talk."

"Four days without eatin'," cried the man, with a laugh like the sharpening of a saw, "and that in a Texas prairie, and with islands on all sides of you!"

Ha! I see how it is. You're a gentleman—that's plain enough. I was a sort of one myself once. You thought our Texas prairies was like the prairies in the States. Ha, ha! And so you didn't know how to help yourself. Did you see no bees in the air, no strawberries on the earth?"

"Bees! Strawberries!" repeated I.

"Yes, bees, which live in the hollow trees. Out of twenty trees there's sure to be one full of honey. So you saw no bees, eh? Perhaps you don't know the croturs when you see 'em! Ain't altogether so big as wild-geese or turkeys. But you must know what strawberries are, and that they don't grow upon the trees."

All this was spoken in the same sneering savage manner as before, with the speaker's head half turned over his shoulder, while his features were distorted into a contemptuous grin.

"And if I had seen the bees, how was I to get at the honey without an axe?"

"How did you lose yourself?"

"My mustang—ran away!"

"I see. And you after him. You'd have done better to let him run. But what d'ye mean to do now?"

"I am weak—sick to death. I wish to get to the nearest house—an inn—anywhere where men are."

"Where men are," repeated the stranger, with his scornful smile. "Where men are," he muttered again, taking a few steps on one side.

I was hardly able to turn my head, but there was something strange in the man's movement that alarmed me; and making a violent effort, I changed my position sufficiently to get him in sight again. He had drawn a long knife from his girdle, which he clutched in one hand, while he ran the fore finger of the other along its edge. I now for the first time got a full view of his face, and the impression it made upon me was any thing but favourable. His countenance was the wildest I had ever seen; his bloodshot eyes rolled like balls of fire in their sockets; while his movements and manner were indicative of a violent inward struggle. He did not stand still for three seconds together, but paced backwards and forwards with hurried irregular steps, casting wild glances over his shoulder, his fingers playing all the while with the knife, with the rapid and objectless movements of a maniac.

I felt convinced that I was the cause of the struggle visibly going on within him; that my life or death was what he was deciding upon. But in the state I then was, death had no terror for me. The image of my mother, sisters, and father, passed before my eyes. I gave one thought to my peaceful happy home, and then looked upwards and prayed.

The man had walked off to some distance. I turned myself a little more round, and, as I did so, I caught sight of the same magnificent phenomenon which I had met with on the second day of my wanderings. The colossal live oak rose in all its silvery splendour, at the distance of a couple of miles. Whilst I was gazing at it, and reflecting on the strange ill luck that had made me pass within so short a distance of the river without finding it, I saw my new acquaintance approach a neighbouring cluster of trees, amongst which he disappeared.

After a short time I again perceived him coming towards me with a slow and staggering step. As he drew near, I had an opportunity of examining his whole appearance. He was very tall and lean, but large-boned, and apparently of great strength. His face, which had not been shaved for several weeks, was so tanned by sun and weather, that he might have been taken for an Indian, had not the beard proved his claim to white blood. But his eyes were what most struck me. There was something so frightfully wild in their expression, a look of terror and desperation, like that of a man whom all the furies of hell were hunting and persecuting. His hair hung in long ragged locks over his forehead, cheeks, and neck, and round his head was bound a handkerchief, on which were several stains of a brownish black colour. Spots of the same kind were visible upon his leathern jacket, breeches, and moccasins; they were evidently blood stains. His hunting knife, which was nearly two feet long with a wooden handle, was now replaced in his girdle, but in its stead he held a Kentucky rifle in his hand.

Although I did my utmost to assume an indifferent countenance, my features doubtless expressed something of the repugnance and horror with which the man inspired me. He looked loweringly at me for a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"You don't seem to like the company you're got into," said he. "Do I look so very desperate, then? Is it written so plainly on my face?"

"What should there be written upon your face?"

"What? What? Fools and children ask them questions."

"I will ask you none: but as a Christian, as my countryman, I beseech you!"

"Christian!" interrupted he, with a hollow laugh. "Countryman!" He struck the butt of his rifle hard upon the ground. "That is my countryman—my only friend!" he continued, as he examined the flint and locks of his weapon. "That releases from all troubles: that's a true friend. Pooh! perhaps it'll release you too—put you to rest."

These last words were uttered aside, and musingly.

"Put him to rest, as well as—Pooh! One more or less—Perhaps it would drive away that cursed spectre."

All this seemed to be spoken to his rifle.

"Will you swear not to betray me?" cried he to me. "Else one touch!"

As he spoke, he brought the gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointed full at my breast.

I felt no fear. I am sure my pulse did not give a throb the more for this menace. So deadly weak and helpless as I lay, it was unnecessary to shoot me. The slightest blow from the butt of the rifle would have driven the last faint spark of life out of my exhausted body. I looked calmly, indifferently even, into the muzzle of the piece.

"If you can answer it to your God, to your and my judge and creator, do your will."

My words, which from faintness I could scarcely render audible, had, nevertheless, a sudden and startling effect upon the man. He trembled from head to foot, let the butt of his gun fall heavily to the ground, and gazed at me with open mouth and staring eyes.

"This one, too, comes with his God!" muttered he. "God! and your and my creator—and—judge."

He seemed hardly able to articulate these words, which were uttered by gasps and efforts, as though something had been choking him.

"His and my—judge"—groaned he again. "Can there be a God, a creator and judge?"

As he stood thus muttering to himself, his eyes suddenly became fixed, and his features horribly distorted.

"Do it not!" cried he, in a shrill tone of horror, that rang through my head.

"It will bring no blessin' with it. I am a dead man! God be merciful to me! My poor wife, my poor children!"

The rifle fell from his hands, and he smote his breast and forehead in a paroxysm of the wildest fury. It was frightful to behold the conscience-stricken wretch, stamping madly about, and casting glances of terror behind him, as though demons had been hunting him down. The foam flew from his mouth, and I expected each moment to see him fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. Gradually, however, he became more tranquil.

"D'ye see nothin' in my face?" said he in a hoarse whisper, suddenly pausing close to where I lay.

"What should I see?"

He came yet nearer.

"Look well at me—through me, if you can. D'ye see nothin' now?"

"I see nothing," replied I.

"Ah! I understand, you can see nothin'. Ain't in a spyin' humour, I calculate. No, no, that you ain't. After four days and nights fastin', one loses the fancy for many things. I've tried it for two days myself. So, you are weak and faint, eh? But I needn't ask that, I reckon. You look bad enough. Take another drop of whisky; it'll strengthen you. But wait till I mix it."

As he spoke, he stepped down to the edge of the river, and scooping up the water in the hollow of his hand, filled his flask with it. Then returning to me, he poured a little into my mouth.

Even the bloodthirsty Indian appears less of a savage when engaged in a compassionate act, and the wild desperado I had fallen in with seemed softened and humanized by the service he was rendering me. His voice sounded less harsh; his manner was calmer and milder.

"You wish to go to an inn?"

"For Heaven's sake, yes. These four days I have tasted nothing but a bit of tobacco."

"Can you spare a bit of that?"

"All I have."

I handed him my cigar case, and the roll of *dulcissimus*. He snatched the latter from me, and bit into it with the furious eagerness of a wolf.

"Ah, the right sort this!" muttered he to himself. "Ah, young man, or old man—you're an old man, ain't you? How old are you?"

"Two-and-twenty."

He shook his head doubtfully.

"Can hardly believe that. But four days in the prairie, and nothin' to eat. Well, it may be so. But, stranger, if I had had this bit of tobacco only ten days ago—A bit of tobacco is worth a deal sometimes. It might have saved a man's life!"

Again he groaned, and his accents became wild and unnatural.

"I say, stranger!" cried he in a threatening tone. "I say! D'ye see yonder live oak? D'ye see it? It's the Patriarch, and a finer and mightier one you won't find in the prairies, I reckon. D'ye see it?"

"I do see it."

"Ah! you see it," cried he, fiercely. "And what is it to you? What have you to do with the patriarch, or with what lies under it? I reckon you had best not be too curious that way. If you dare take a step under that tree." He swore an oath too horrible to be repeated.

"There's a spectre there," cried he; "a spectre that would fright you to death. Better keep away."

"I will keep away," replied I. "I never thought of going near it. All I want is to get to the nearest plantation or inn."

"Ah! true, man—the next inn. I'll show you the way to it. I will."

"You will save my life by so doing," said I, "and I shall be ever grateful to you as my deliverer."

"Deliverer!" repeated he, with a wild laugh. "Pooh! If you knew what sort of a deliverer—Pooh! What's the use of savin' a life, when—yet I will—I will save yours; perhaps the cursed spectre will leave me then. Will you not? Will you not?" cried he, suddenly changing his scornful mocking tones to those of entreaty and supplication, and turning his face in the direction of the live oak. Again the wildness of manner returned, and his eyes became fixed, as he gazed for some moments at the gigantic tree. Then darting away, he disappeared among the trees, whence he had fetched his rifle, and presently emerged again, leading a ready saddled horse with him. He called to me to mount mine, but seeing that I was unable even to rise from the ground, he stepped up to me, and with the greatest ease lifted me into the saddle with one hand, so light had I become during my long fast. Then taking the end of my lasso, he got upon his own horse and set off, leading my mustang after him.

We rode on for some time without exchanging a word. My guide kept up a sort of muttered soliloquy; but as I was full ten paces in his rear, I could distinguish nothing of what he said. At times he would raise his rifle to his shoulder, then lower it again, and speak to it, sometimes caressingly, sometimes in anger. More than once he turned his head, and cast keen searching glances at me, as though to see whether I were watching him or not.

We had ridden more than an hour, and the strength which the whisky had given me was fast failing, so that I expected each moment to fall from my horse, when suddenly I caught sight of a kind of rude hedge, and almost immediately afterwards the wall of a small blockhouse became visible. A faint cry of joy escaped me, and I endeavoured, but in vain, to give my horse the spur. My guide turned round, fixed his wild eyes upon me, and spoke in a threatening tone.

"You are impatient, man! impatient, I see. You think now, perhaps?"

"I am dying," was all I could utter. In fact, my senses were leaving me from exhaustion, and I really thought my last hour was come.

"Pooh! dyin'! One don't die so easy. And yet—d—n!—it might be true."

He sprang off his horse, and was just in time to catch me in his arms as I fell from the saddle. A few drops of whisky, however, restored me to consciousness. My guide replaced me upon my mustang, and after passing through a potato ground, a field of Indian corn, and a small grove of peach-trees, we found ourselves at the door of the blockhouse.

I was so utterly helpless, that my strange companion was obliged to lift me off my horse, and carry me into the dwelling. He sat me down upon a bench, passive and powerless as an infant. Strange to say, however, I was never better able to observe all that passed around me, than during the few hours of bodily debility that succeeded my immersion in the Jacinto. A blow with a reed would have knocked me off my seat, but my mental faculties, instead of participating in this weakness, seemed sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness.

The blockhouse in which we now were was of the poorest possible description; a mere log hut, consisting of one room, that served as kitchen, sitting-room, and bedchamber. The door of rough planks swung heavily upon two hooks that fitted into iron rings, and formed a clumsy substitute for hinges; a

wooden latch and heavy bar served to secure it; windows, properly speaking, there were none, but in their stead a few holes covered with dirty oiled paper; the floor was of clay, stamped hard and dry in the middle of the hut, but out of which, at the sides of the room, a crop of rank grass was growing, a foot or more high. In one corner stood a clumsy bedstead, in another a sort of table or counter, on which were half-a-dozen drinking glasses of various sizes and patterns. The table consisted of four thick posts, firmly planted in the ground, and on which were nailed three boards that had apparently belonged to some chest or case, for they were partly painted, and there was a date, and the three first letters of a word upon one of them. A shelf fixed against the side of the hut supported an earthen pot or two, and three or four bottles, uncorked, and apparently empty; and from some wooden pegs wedged in between the logs, hung suspended a few articles of wearing apparel of no very cleanly aspect.

Pacing up and down the hut with a kind of stealthy cat-like pace, was an individual, whose unprepossessing exterior was in good keeping with the wretched appearance of this Texian shebeen house. He was an undersized, stooping figure, red-haired, large mouthed, and possessed of small, reddish, pig's eyes, which he seemed totally unable to raise from the ground, and the lowering, hang-dog expression of which, corresponded fully with the treacherous, panther-like stealthiness of his step and movements. Without greeting us either by word or look, this personage dived into a dark corner of his tenement, brought out a full bottle, and placing it on the table beside the glasses, resumed the monotonous sort of exercise in which he had been indulging on our entrance.

My guide and deliverer said nothing while the tavern-keeper was getting out the bottle, although he seemed to watch all his movements with a keen and suspicious eye. He now filled a large glass of spirits, and tossed it off at a single draught. When he had done this, he spoke for the first time.

"Johnny!"

Johnny made no answer.

"This gentleman has eaten nothing for four days."

"Indeed," replied Johnny, without looking up, or intermitting his sneaking, restless walk from one corner of the room to the other.

"I said four days, d'ye hear? Four days. Bring him tea immediately, strong tea, and then make some good beef soup. The tea must be ready directly, the soup in an hour at farthest, d'ye understand? And then I want some whisky for myself, and a beefsteak and potatoes. Now, tell all that to your Sambo."

Johnny did not seem to hear, but continued his walk, creeping along with noiseless step, and each time that he turned, giving a sort of spring like a cat or a panther.

"I've money, Johnny," said my guide. "Money, man, d'ye hear?" And so saying, he produced a tolerably full purse.

For the first time Johnny raised his head, gave an indefinable sort of glance at the purse, and then springing forward, fixed his small, cunning eyes upon those of my guide, while a smile of strange meaning spread over his repulsive features.

The two men stood for the space of a minute, staring at each other, without uttering a word. An infernal grin distended Johnny's coarse mouth from ear to ear. My guide seemed to gasp for breath.

"I've money," cried he at last, striking the butt of his rifle violently on the ground. "D'ye understand, Johnny! Money; and a rifle too, if needs be."

He stepped to the table and filled another glass of raw spirits, which disappeared like the preceding one. While he drank, Johnny stole out of the room so softly that my companion was only made aware of his departure by the noise of the wooden latch. He then came up to me, took me in his arms without saying a word, and, carrying me to the bed, laid me gently down upon it.

"You make yourself at home," snarled Johnny, who just then came in again.

"Always do that, I reckon, when I'm in a tavern," answered my guide, quietly pouring out and swallowing another glassful. "The gentleman shall have your bed to-day. You and Sambo may sleep in the pigsty. You have none though, I believe?"

"Bob!" screamed Johnny furiously.

"That's my name—Bob Rock."

"For the present," hissed Johnny, with a sneer.

"The same as yours is Johnny Down," replied Bob in the same tone. "Pooh! Johnny, guess we know one another?"

"Rather calculate we do," replied Johnny through his teeth.

"And have done many a day," laughed Bob.

"You're the famous Bob from Sodoma in Georgia?"

"Sodoma in Alabama, Johnny. Sodoma lies in Alabama," said Bob, filling another glass. "Don't you know that yet, you who were above a year in Columbus, doin' all sorts of dirty work?"

"Better hold your tongue, Bob," said Johnny, with a dangerous look at me.

"Pooh! Don't mind him; he won't talk, I'll answer for it. He's lost the taste for chattering in the Jacinto prairie. But Sodoma," continued Bob, "is in Alabama, man! Columbus in Georgia! They are parted by the Chatahoochie. Ah! that was a jolly life we led on the Chatahoochie. But nothin' lasts in this world, as my old schoolmaster used to say. Pooh! They've drav the Injuns a step further over the Mississippi now. But it was a glorious life—warn't it?"

Again he filled his glass and drank.

The information I gathered from this conversation as to the previous life and habits of these two men, had nothing in it very satisfactory or re-assuring for me. In the whole of the south-western states there was no place that could boast of being the resort of so many outlaws and bad characters as the town of Sodoma. It is situated, or was situated, at least, a few years previously to the time I speak of, in Alabama, on Indian ground, and was the harbour of refuge for all the murderers and outcasts from the western and south-western parts of the Union. Here, under Indian government, they found shelter and security; and frightful were the crimes and cruelties perpetrated at this place. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, not secretly committed, but in broad sunlight. Bands of these wretches, armed with knives and rifles, used to cross the Chatahoochie, and make inroads into Columbus; break into houses, rob, murder, ill-treat women, and then return in triumph to their dens, laden with booty, and laughing at the laws. It was useless to think of pursuing them, or of obtaining justice, for they were on Indian territory; and many of the chiefs were in league with them. At length General Jackson and the government took it up. The Indians were driven over the Mississippi, the outlaws and murderers fled, Sodoma itself disappeared; and, released from its troublesome neighbours, Columbus is now as flourishing a town as any in the west.

The recollections of their former life and exploits seemed highly interestin

to the two comrades; and their communications became more and more confidential. Johnny filled himself a glass, and the conversation soon increased in animation. I could understand little of what they said, for they spoke a sort of thieves' jargon. After a time, their voice sounded as a confused hum in my ears, the objects in the room became gradually less distinct, and I fell asleep.

I was roused, not very gently, by a mulatto woman, who poured a spoonful of tea into my mouth before I had well opened my eyes. She at first did not appear to be attending to me with any great degree of good-will; but by the time she had given me half a dozen spoonfuls her womanly sympathies began to be awakened, and her manner became kinder. The tea did me an infinite deal of good, and seemed to infuse new life into my veins. I finished the cup, and the mulatto laid me down again on my pillow with far more gentleness than she had lifted me up.

"Gor! Gor!" cried she, "what poor young man! Berry weak. Him soon better. One hour, massa, good soup."

"Soup! What do you want with soup?" grumbled Johnny.

"Him take soup. I cook it," screamed the woman.

"Worse for you if she don't, Johnny," said Bob.

Johnny muttered something in reply, but I did not distinguish what it was, for my eyes closed, and I again fell asleep.

It seemed to me as if I had not been five minutes slumbering when the mulatto returned with the soup. The tea had revived me, but this gave me strength; and when I had taken it I was able to sit up in my bed.

While the woman was feeding me, Bob was eating his beefsteak. It was a piece of meat that might have sufficed for six persons, but the man seemed as hungry as if he had eaten nothing for three days. He cut off wedges half as big as his fist, swallowed them with ravenous eagerness, and, instead of bread, bit into some unpeeled potatoes. All this was washed down with glass after glass of raw spirits, which had the effect of waking him up, and infusing a certain degree of cheerfulness into his strange humour. He still spoke more to himself than to Johnny, but his recollections seemed agreeable; he nodded self-approvingly, and sometimes laughed aloud. At last he began to abuse Johnny for being, as he said, such a sneaking, cowardly fellow—such a treacherous, false-hearted gallow-bird.

"It's true," said he, "I am gallow-bird enough myself, but then I'm open, and no man can say I'm a-fear'd; but Johnny, Johnny, who—"

I do not know what he was about to say, for Johnny sprang towards him, and placed both hands over his mouth, receiving in return a blow that knocked him as far as the door, through which he retreated, cursing and grumbling.

I soon fell asleep again, and whilst in that state I had a confused sort of consciousness of various noises in the room, loud words, blows, and shouting. Wearied as I was, however, I believe no noise would have fully roused me, although hunger at last did.

When I opened my eyes I saw the mulatto woman sitting by my bed, and keeping off the mosquitoes. She brought me the remainder of the soup, and promised, if I would sleep a couple of hours more, to bring me a beef-steak. Before the two hours had elapsed I awoke, hungrier than ever. After I had eaten all the beefsteak the woman would allow me, which was a very moderate quantity, she brought me a beer-glass full of the most delicious punch I ever tasted. I asked her where she had got the rum and lemons, and she told me that it was she who had bought them, as well as a stock of coffee and tea; that Johnny was her partner, but that he had done nothing but build the house, and badly built it was. She then began to abuse Johnny, and said he was a gambler; and, worse still, that he had had plenty of money once, but had lost it all; that she had first known him in Lower Natchez, but he had been obliged to run away from there in the night to save his neck. Bob was no better, she said; on the contrary—and here she made the gesture of cutting a man's throat—he was a very bad fellow, she added. He had got drunk after his dinner, knocked Johnny down, and broken every thing. He was now lying asleep outside the door; and Johnny had hidden himself somewhere.

How long she continued speaking I know not, for I again fell into a deep sleep, which this time lasted six or seven hours.

I was awakened by a strong grasp laid upon my arm, which made me cry out, more, however, from surprise than pain. Bob stood by my bedside; the traces of the preceding night's debauch plainly written on his haggard countenance. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed and swollen, and rolled with even more than their usual wildness; his mouth was open, and the jaws stiff and fixed; he looked as if he had just come from committing some frightful deed. I could fancy the first murderer to have worn such an aspect when gazing on the body of his slaughtered brother. I shrank back, horror-struck at his appearance.

"In God's name, man, what do you want?"

He made no answer.

"You are in a fever. You've the ague!"

"Ay, a fever," groaned he, shivering as he spoke; "a fever, but not the one you mean; a fever, young man, such as God keep you from ever having."

His whole frame shuddered while he uttered these words. There was a short pause.

"Curious that," continued he; "I've served more than one in the same way, but never thought of it afterwards—was forgotten in less than no time. Got to pay the whole score at once, I suppose. Can't rest a minute. In the open prairie it's the worst; there stands the old man, so plain, with his silver beard, and the spectre just behind him."

His eyes rolled, he clenched his fists, and, striking his forehead furiously, rushed out of the hut.

In a few minutes he returned, apparently more composed, and walked straight up to my bed.

"Stranger, you must do me a service," said he abruptly.

"Ten rather than one," replied I; "any thing that is in my power. Do I not owe you my life?"

"You're a gentleman, I see, and a Christian. You must come with me to the squire—the Alcalde."

"To the Alcalde, man! What must I go there for?"

"You'll see and hear when you get there; I've something to tell him—something for his own ear."

He drew a deep breath, and remained silent for a short time, gazing anxiously on all sides of him.

Something, whispered he, "that nobody else must hear."

"But there's Johnny there. Why not take him?"

"Johnny!" cried he, with a scornful laugh; "Johnny! who's ten times worse than I am, bad as I be; and bad I am to be sure, but yet open and above board, always, till this time; but Johnny! he'd sell his own mother. He's a cowardly sneakin', treacherous hound, is Johnny."

It was unnecessary to tell me this, for Johnny's character was written plainly enough upon his countenance.

"But why do you want me to go to the Alcalde?"

"Why does one want people before the judge? He's a judge, man; a Mexican one certainly, but chosen by us Americans; and an American, himself, as you and I are."

"And how soon must I go?"

"Directly. I can't bear it any longer. It leaves me no peace. Not an hour's rest have I had for the last eight days. When I go out into the prairie, the spectre stands before me and beckons me on; and if I try to go another way, he comes behind me and drives me before him under the Patriarch. I see him just as plainly as when he was alive, only paler and sadder. It seems as if I could touch him with my hand. Even the bottle is no use now; neither rum, nor whisky, nor brandy, rid me of him—it don't, by the tarnation! Curious that! I got drunk yesterday—thought to get rid of him; but he came in the night and drove me out. I was obliged to go. Wouldn't let me sleep; was forced to go under the Patriarch."

"Under the Patriarch! the live oak?" cried I, in astonishment.—"Were you there in the night?"

"Ay, that was I," replied he, in the same horribly confidential tone: "and the spirit threatened me, and said I will leave you no peace, Bob, till you go to the Alcalde and tell him"—

"Then I will go with you to the Alcalde, and that immediately," said I, raising myself up in bed. I could not help pitying the poor fellow from my very soul.

"Where are you going?" croaked Johnny, who at this moment glided into the room. "Not a step shall you stir till you've paid."

"Johnny," said Bob, seizing his less powerful companion by the shoulders, lifting him up like a child, and then setting him down again with such force, that his knees cracked and bent under him;—"Johnny, this gentleman is my guest, d'ye understand? And here is the reckonin', and mind yourself, Johnny—mind yourself, that's all."

Johnny crept into a corner like a flogged hound; the mulatto woman, however, did not seem disposed to be so easily intimidated. Sticking her arms in her sides, she waddled boldly forward.

"You not take him 'way, Massa Bob?" screamed she. "Him stop here. Him berry weak—not able for ride—not able for stand on him foot."

This was true enough. Strong as I had felt in bed, I could hardly stand upright when I got out of it.

For a moment Bob seemed undecided, but only for one moment; then, stepping up to the mulatto, he lifted her, fat and heavy as she was, in the same manner as he had done her partner, at least a foot from the ground, and carried her screaming and struggling to the door, which he kicked open. Then setting her down outside, "Silence!" roared he, "and some good strong tea instead of your cursed chatter, and a fresh beefsteak instead of your stinking carcass. That will strengthen the gentleman; so be quick about it, you old brown-skinned beast, you!"

I had slept in my clothes, and my toilet was consequently soon made, by the help of a bowl of water and towel, which Bob made Johnny bring, and then ordered him to go and get our horses ready.

(To be Continued.)

WHO SHALL GET UP FIRST.

Well, Sir, how have you been? Down in the mouth again! Ah, Sir, you have been looking at something too long. Never should do that. In a world that's whirling a thousand miles an hour, every thing shall be taken at a glance. Get the wit of a thing, and have done with it. I give you five minutes every day to look at the stars, but don't particularize; for some in those far-off places send their light down long after they have been knocked out of existence, and you may be looking at a blank. Look out for such delusions, and act, remembering that the poetry of the hour, like the cream of your coffee, should be fresh every morning. Oh, Sir! in a world that never halts for a single moment in its everlasting round of changing amusement, your small agony is unpardonable. Why, the clouds and darkness are part of the play. Certainly—part of the play. Rain and snow, and chilling winds, pain, trouble, and torment—these are the variations for which you may thank God. If there were not plainer faces and worse figures, your little wife would soon be a fright to you—a perfect fright. Find your bubble and blow, but never stop to look at the colors. Let them burst; no matter for that, while your wick lasts. Blow away; there's nothing like it. If you are tired, like myself, and would like to look on, I can only say that the moral ties of such speculations are hazardous; and if you have any wind left, it's better to die with a round cheek than a hollow one. A man without a bubble is flatulent; and a woman without one—and that's impossible. Take my advice, Sir, and let the world wag. If it choose to run off the track, let it, and if any comet is aimed to take us en route to the sun, why, blaze away! There are thousands of better dots in creation than this old concern; and whether we go up, down, or sideways—rocket, earthquake, or thirty-two pounder—we shall land somewhere; can't get lost. In short, Sir, you have no right to grumble, unless you are— But that's my secret. Shall I confess it? Mind, a secret; for if my wife should hear of it, she would tease me to death. Of course you will dine with me to day; beg you wouldn't hint this in the remotest manner; not a whisper. . . . Sir, I am nervous—a solemn truth. Been examined by a double combined microscope, and found to have two sets of nerves. I can see double, hear double, think double, and sleep double; and yet with such nerves, I have this very day been outwitted by a woman with only a common set. "Nothing remarkable about that," you say. Perhaps not; we shall see. . . . Speaking of nerves; now a day like this is endurable. People, you observe, are in earnest. There is what the new school would call a "oneness" in the public mind to get out of the rain; and cloaks, handkerchiefs, umbrellas and skirts are used for the temporary shelter, because one can't stop to be nice. But of a warm day, when people can afford to dally and act their part, my nerves are troublesome, and I mount to the top of New York. Did you ever look at a crowd of faces, when, under some dull lecture or sermon, the mind is comparatively at rest, and the character stands out upon the countenance! the smile, and all the other acted poetry of the face, gone for the moment, leaving only the impress of the slow march of years, the crow's-feet, the hieroglyphic, the line upon line of the devil's own hand-writing! If you could forget that you have looked at such things for a life-time; say for instance, you were a modest individual, just dropped from the moon, or any star that may be a part of Heaven; what would be your first impression? Why, Sir, you can't make your own dog look you in the face. There are different ways of viewing things, and in this light, one would be disposed to say that if the sun is the bad place that some people think, why, the farther planets may not, after all, be such outside barbarians as we generally imagine. There may be a reason, a very convenient reason, why we are not farther off.

"But, Sir, I was speaking of my wife. As you are a man of family, and I am only experimenting a little, *nervously* so to speak, return the compliment by giving me a little advice upon a matter of my own. How is it, about getting up first? We can't agree. She insists (my wife) that the man should rise first, as the sun before the moon, the useful before the ornamental, etc. Now, if I am gifted in any one thing, it is the half-hour dream after the first rouse in the morning; but my wife, Sir, in that particular is a perfect genius. Talk about sympathies! Let me tell you that people must not count upon married happiness from unanimous likenesses. The likes may be too like, and they may like too well. They may. I have decided that point. Well; this morning I was roused from the half-hour dream by the breakfast-call, and was provoked to find my wife still asleep; that is, she pretended to sleep; and I must confess that she had studied her attitude, so far as longitudinal position would admit, with no little skill. Having this important engagement with you, I gave her a little shake. "Fanny! Fanny!" said I; but she didn't move a dimple. So I gave another shake. "Eh?" said she; "what's that? mercy! how you frightened me!" and then dropped away again. "I say, Fanny," accenting it a little. "Ah, don't, dear, you are so rude!" She opened her eyes the merest trifle, and then lapsed away again into perfect oblivion as any one would suppose, who didn't know all about it. Putting on another emphasis, I sung out again, "Are you going to get up?" She raised her eye-brows a trifle: "Why, my dear child, you know it's your turn this morning." My turn! and "my dear child!" I knew from the manner of her saying that, that she would lie there all day before getting up first; but as I was determined to give her a trial, and am always easy at a nap, I thought of my interrupted dream, and sliding gently into the continuation, was soon fast asleep. When I woke again, it was twelve o'clock, but there was Fanny, just as before, the arm perhaps a little more *a la Grecque*, and a tinge on her cheek that looked a little saucy; but that might be the thought of her dream: the fit of a cap, or a new bonnet, any of those innocent little things that make up the burden of women's night-thoughts in the way of dreams. Any one would have sworn it was sleep, deep and profound; a child asleep after a day's frolic would not have been more perfect in the "doing" of it. By this time, people were beginning their morning visits; but of course, Mrs. Julian was "not at home." People came and went for an hour; and I was about despairing of my breakfast, when the sleeping wife sprang suddenly from the bed and ran out of the room.

"What now?" said I; but I didn't get up, for I knew there was some mischief a-foot; and sure enough, back she came in a jiffy, and got straight into bed, munching a large piece of ginger-bread!

"Now, Sir, what is the law in such a case?"

JULIAN.

Knickerbocker for Dec.

A SCENE IN THE PRESENT WAR OF CIRCASSIAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Circassians having, according to the late accounts from the Russian General Budberg, again surprised a fortress erected for their oppression on the Black Sea, and revenged their defeat on the banks of the Koudian, the following illustration of a scene in the commencement of this protracted contest for independence on the one hand, and unjust extension of territory on the other, will exemplify somewhat the character of the contending parties, as delineated in a recital of General Leon de Narischkin.

For the purpose of commanding the coast-land of Circassia it had been decided by the Russian Cabinet to block up the Circassians in their mountain defiles, and, by fortifying the sea-coast, to cut them off from all communication with the different foreign maritime adventurers, among whom the British merchants on the Bosphorus were pre-eminent, who continually furnished them with salt and gunpowder—articles necessary to their existence.

The Russians landed in the spring of 1840, without meeting with much resistance from the mountain tribes, and redoubts were shortly constructed on the principal points best adapted to further the object intended. Unfortunately, however, from the peculiar character and intersected nature of the terrain, which admitted of no chain of communication in their position, it was found necessary to furnish them with martello-towers, on each of which a wall-piece was mounted, served by four men, defended from the inside by loop-holes, and furnished with provisions for several days. The construction of all these towers was not, however, carried into effect, and the hastily-constructed redoubts, three in number, afforded alone a protection capable of defence with small arms for their weak garrisons, each of which consisted only of from 140 to 180 men, commanded by a Captain and two Subaltern officers. The third redoubt was the largest, and even too extensive to permit of a sufficient force for its defence. It was commanded by Captain Laikoff, at the head of a garrison of 500 men.

The Circassians, under the command of one of their most enterprising and courageous chieftains, had soon detected the insulated position, as well as the small numerical strength of the garrisons within the redoubts. They therefore assembled, to the amount of 12,000 warriors, and summoned the commanders, through flags of truce, to surrender; which was however, obstinately refused by the latter. Confiding in their superior numbers, and certain of victory, they again summoned the different commanders, and declared that they would march to the attack on the following day.

In effect, the next day they made their appearance, headed by sappers, armed with ponderous axes, and followed by a cloud of skirmishers, who had the order to retire upon the main body should the latter be compelled to retreat. A long line of fascine-bearers made next their appearance, and behind these the reserve destined to storm the redoubts. The first redoubt offered so formidable a resistance that it was not taken. The other two fell only into the hands of the enemy upon the death of the last of their defenders, and the animosity of the Circassians was carried so far as to bury alive the two wounded officers, whom they found among the bodies of the slain.

At length they advanced, 10,000 strong, in dense masses before the large redoubt, which, on account of its extent, could neither be manned in its whole circumference, nor effectively defended. Captain Laikoff, the Commandant, with a correct estimate of the threatened danger, had the forethought and judgment to order the construction of another redoubt over the powder-cellar, as a last place of refuge and defence. As soon as he perceived, from the results of the defence, the eventual hopelessness to resist the overwhelming might of the enemy, he assembled his men around him, and declared to them his fixed determination to resist still to the last man; and as all participated in his enthusiasm, he selected two from their number, provided them with hand-grenades, and commanded them, as soon after their retreat to their last hastily-constructed intrenchment as they should find the number of the defenders reduced to twelve, to light them and fling them into the powder-room.

The assault was terrific—more terrific the resistance. As, however, the multitude of the enemy had now prevailed over the despairing bravery of the handful of

combatants who yet opposed them, and that three-fourths of the garrison had fallen, the captain ordered three of his six guns to be spiked, and retired with the remaining three to his last entrenchment. At length, after the most lion-hearted resistance, behind a triple wall of the bodies of his gallant comrades, he made the signal agreed upon to his two granadiers. In the same moment that the Circassians rushed on in masses to the storm, and believed themselves in full possession of the redoubt, the explosion followed, hurling into the air every man who had penetrated the intrenchment, with a violence that carried the massive beams of the works to a distance of six hundred yards. The rocks around trembled with the shock, and the thundering echo carried to the furthest mountains the report of the heroic deed. Heavy was the loss of the Circassians. A Cossack, stationed as vidette on one of the distant towers, which the Circassians would not take the trouble to assail, witness of this fearful scene, was taken prisoner shortly after, but escaping with great dexterity, furnished the particulars of the foregoing relation.

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

Paris, November 4.

The great event of the day, and the universal topic of conversation, is the death of Monsieur de Montrond, the constant friend, and the inseparable companion, of Talleyrand. Never were *Oristes* and *Pylades* better matched than these. Both were equally cynical, profligate, selfish, gormandizing, witty, and philosophical; both were equally above all those feelings of worldly prejudice which govern the general mass of men, and which cause them to submit their actions to a code of honour and morality. As an instance of how very far above any such sentiment was the soidisant "Marquis" de Montrond, it is only necessary to state, that without ever having possessed even the most limited fortune of his own, he has lived all his life fully up to a fortune of two hundred thousand francs a-year; and, nota bene, that his career of folly and fashion began before the great revolution of '89. Like his patron and friend, the ex-Bishop of Autun, he made an *amende honorable* for all his sins, and died in the very odour of sanctity—of a few hours date!!

The poor Abbe, who in an excess of pious zeal undertook the conversion of this hoary old sinner, had no easy task, for Montrond was *himself* to a very few hours before his death—that is to say, a consummate actor, and one who enjoyed deeply the satisfaction of playing upon the feelings of his audience. Over and over again, during the repeated conferences which took place between them, he allowed the good priest to fancy him penitent, and then out came a rolling fire of epigrams, the one more witty, biting, and sarcastic than the other, which proved that things were just where they were at first. The last he ever uttered was the following:—After the priest had brought him to confess and repent of a good number of his peccadilloes, he asked him if his conscience did not reproach him with having made a jest of religion,—of having made it the source of profane jests. Montrond listened to all this with a demure look, and then replied with the air of an injured innocent, "Vous savez, Monsieur le Curé, que j'ai toujours vécu en fort bonne campagne." However, when it did come to the point, he did confess his sins—which, by-the-by, must have been no slight undertaking—and died as good a Catholic as Talleyrand himself. His wit was eminently of the French school—light, frothy, sparkling, and biting—a wit which never failed to amuse and exhilarate, and which, unfortunately, went out of fashion when *agents de change* set up as gentlemen, and were the cause of the exquisite politeness which formerly distinguished the French nation being superseded by the coarse flippancy which passes current for wit in the present day.

There is a tale afloat of a trick played off by Louis Philippe upon Monsieur de Montrond, which, if true, would incline one to believe that his Majesty is the type of the far-famed Robert Macaire. M. de Montrond was very often at the Tuileries, and chancing to speak of a certain correspondence between himself and Prince Talleyrand, both Mdme Adelaide and his Majesty expressed a great wish to peruse it. Of course M. de Montrond hastened to gratify the Royal curiosity; but whether the letters contained some state secret, or whether there was any other motive, I know not, but the King appropriated to himself the letters, which were never returned. I give you the anecdote as it was told me; but from my own knowledge of M. de Montrond, and of the King of the French, I am disposed to believe that the one *purchased*, at a good price, what the other *sold*. I see no reason why M. de Montrond should not sell Talleyrand's letters, since Madame Guiccioli has long since opened a mart for the sale of Byron's hair—the price of which is 200 francs a lock.

I must now inform your fair readers of an important innovation in the era of fashion. Cardinals, crispins, burnons, and witchours, will all be superseded by the *paletot*, the *tweed*, and the *twine*, which have been feminized into a very picturesque kind of walking dress. They are generally made of velvet or of casimir. The skirt is extremely short and full, the body flat, and crossing in front, and fastening at the side by torsades and olives. A rich sable, or Astrakhan fur, lines and trims them invariably. The sleeves are full and long enough to serve as a muff when the weather is very cold.

There is an excellent current story which, "*se non è vero è ben trovato*," but I have every reason to believe it to be true. A certain M. Romieu, celebrated in his youthful days for breaking lamps, windows, and heads, and for frightening shop-boys and servant-maids, is the hero of it. The dignified exploit to which I am going to allude, has been immortalized in the *Mystères de Paris*, and consisted in a nightly visit paid by M. de Romieu to a certain old curly-headed porter of his neighbourhood, whom he regularly aroused from his slumbers, thus—"Portier, je veux de tes cheveux." This nocturnal visitation so preyed upon the health and spirits of the aged Cerberus that he sunk under it, and finally died—quite bald; but on his death-bed he bequeathed to his sons the care of revenging his melancholy fate. At the revolution of July, M. de Romieu gave over practical jokes, and was duly elected *préfet de la Marne*, where he is to the present day, and now comes the pith of the story:—About three weeks ago, the two sons of the victimized porter having attained the age of manhood and of reason, started for the *chef lieu* of the department. On their arrival, they demanded a private audience of the *préfet*, to communicate to him a special and secret mission from the Minister of the Interior. The audience was granted; every possible eaves-dropper was distanced; and the *préfet*, with his sweetest smile and blandest deportment, advanced to meet the young men, and listen to their mission. They both, however, walked slowly and solemnly up to him, seized him each by the arm, and drawing out of their pocket a huge pair of scissors, began to clip away the "*prefectorial*" locks, uttering in an ominous tone, "*Préfet, je veux de tes cheveux*." M. de Romieu roared, bawled, and called; wept, moaned, and entreated, but to no avail. He had himself disseminated his secretaries and attendants to prevent the possibility of their listening to the supposed state secret, so no help could come from that quarter. The *porterlings* were merciless, and did not cease their "*rape of the lock*" until the *préfet* was as well shorn as a poodle in the month of August. They then returned to Paris, to hang the diplomatic curls upon the tomb of their father—and M. de Romieu has ordered a wig.

JULES JANIN'S NEW WORK.

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1844.—The American in Paris during the Summer. Jules Janin. Longman & Co.

M. Jules Janin is scrupulous not to be dull—and cares little whence his ideas come, or how his words hit, so that the firework display of picturesque brilliancy is kept up. This we are sophisticated enough to find entertaining—once a twelvemonth. Never, to be sure, was there such a master of florid exaggeration: since Hood's "Miss Killmansegg," we have had few such choice examples of accumulation for effect, as the following:—

"There recently died, in a lone house of an obscure street at Fontainebleau, a wretched woman, nearly a hundred years old: this woman lived on brown bread and unwholesome water, and was covered with tatters. The rivulet of the street became more muddy when she ventured to cross it, the smell of the sewer more poisonous. It was dreadful to see the abominable creature, thus crawling along in the filthy attire of the most abject avarice. Her house was not a house, but a fortress, built of freestone, cemented by iron plates; for in it were contained immense riches. There this miserable being, with whom neither alms nor charity had anything in common, either to give or receive, had heaped, not only gold, diamonds, and pearls, but the choicest furniture, the most exquisite marbles, the rarest paintings, the most charming masterpieces of every art. The smoky hole in which this woman, on Sunday, cooked her food for the whole week, contained the finest and most delicate chefs-d'œuvre of the Flemish masters; the Dutch enchanters, the joyous fairs of Teniers, the elegant scenes of Van den Berg, the whims, caprices, and beautiful countenances of Gerard Dow; more than one simple and whimsical drama of Jan Steen's, more than one beautiful heifer of Paul Potter's, more than one fresh and glowing landscape of Hobbema's, more than one sweetly lighted forest of Cuyp's or of Ruysdaal's! These beautiful works, which had been the ornaments of the palaces of Marly, of the great and little Trianon, or at least of the galleries in the Palais Royal, were dying for want of air and sun. Smoke, cold, and time, which consume every thing, overpowered with their formidable tints the splendid colours, which but lately had rivalled the wonders of creation. So that the stupid rage of this woman crushed, at pleasure, the joy of the future, the glory of past generations, the ornament of the present time. In her fits of ill humour, oh shameful abuse! the horrible old woman struck with her abominable foot, these delicate gems of the fine arts, she treated lovely, chattering children, as if she could have heard, for her delight, their groans and sobs. How many did she break! what numbers did she destroy! Did she want a board to hold her breakfast of onions, she made a table of some panel of Watteau's; did she want a piece of copper to mend her saucepan, she took a little painting of Vandyke's. The rarest cloth served her to mend the tapestry which hung on the poisonous walls. The same abuse was found in the smallest details. The mug from which the toothless hag drank her cold milk, milk weakened by dirty water, was nothing less than a beautiful porcelain vase of the Sevres manufacture, on which was yet visible, though cracked, the noble and beautiful likeness of the queen Marie Antoinette. Oh, profanation! that such a mouth should touch the edge of the limpid vase, on which had rested the soft lips of the greatest and most lovely woman in the world! Such was the frightful and startling confusion of this house. A dirty apron stained with the blood of some unhappy pigeon fallen in this dwelling, ignominiously concealed the richest laces, magnificent remnants from the small apartments at Versailles; a golden spoon graven with the arms of a Montmorency or a Crillon, was put into a wooden porringer. When the hag returned to her hole, she extended her limbs upon the gilt sofas which she had bought at the revolutionary auctions; she placed her half-broken *sabots* upon marble brackets, she looked at her wrinkles in the finest Venetian glasses, she covered her hair with a greasy hood, but round this frayed cap she hung, in derision, pearls large enough to be envied by the princesses of the blood royal. Around her, all was gold and dirt, purple and the coarsest cloth, the finest art and the commonest utensils. She put her vinegar in cut glass, and frightened away the bold flies that rested upon her forehead with a fan that Greuze himself had signed. Her bed, or rather her pallet, was covered with the richest brocades, the straw upon which the monster sought sleep was inclosed in embroidered velvet. * * Thus she lived on the purse of some, the licence of others, the impiety of all. Miserly among the spendthrift, skilful and prudent among the dissipated, the sole desire of this depraved creature was to enrich herself with the spoils and sophisms of all these men. She swallowed up every thing; she was like the North Sea, in which nothing reappears after a shipwreck. Thus, in the great shipwreck of former times, she alone survived. She saw all her admirers, one after the other, depart for the scaffold, or for exile; they left without a louis in their pockets, a coat upon their backs, or a hat upon their heads, and yet it never occurred to her, to lend them so much as her coachman's cloak. She saw crawling to the baker's door, those, whose husbands she had ruined by her extravagance; and for these poor weak, emaciated beings, she had not even a piece of black bread! Even in 1792, this woman could think of counting the money in her strong box! Even in 1793, when distracted kings listened to the noise of the falling axe, she counted her gold! She was accumulating heap upon heap! She went round the scaffolds, to collect the last garments of the victims; she entered the deserted houses, to buy for a mere nothing, the spoils of the absent masters. She would not trust land, even to buy it cheap, for land is faithful and often returns to its owners; but he trusted gold, which is a vagabond and a traitor, like herself! It was her delight to carry off to her closet the beautiful ornaments and masterpieces of former days, and to insult them in her own fashion! This was her way of revenging herself upon those good ladies, who would have washed their hands immediately, if they had happened, in passing, to touch the cloak of this despised creature. * * Dead to the world, dead to all human joys and affections, overwhelmed by public contempt, which weighed upon her heart, as heavily as the earth of her tomb now weighs upon her body, she nevertheless had strange and sudden fits of anger. It is said, for instance, that when Charles X. hunted in the forest of Fontainebleau, she was in the habit of seating herself in some crossway of the forest, in the middle of the road, and there she waited till the king passed. Then she would stand up, shaking her rags; she would gaze intently at the howling pack, who uttered plaintive groans on their road; then, when it was the king's turn to pass this woman, he would hesitate, become pale as death, and shiver from head to foot. Alas! she recalled to the king of France, now old and threatened on every hand, the folly and madness of the young Count d'Artois."

Credat—but, true or false, the description is forcible enough to have figured in a page of one of the novels of the romantic school, which, from time to time, M. Jules Janin abuses so roundly.

But the reader must not conclude from the above passage, that 'The American in Paris' passes his whole summer in Père la Chaise. On the contrary, much rural life is—talked of, in the shape of excursions to Versailles, Fontainebleau, and the like; and our last extract, besides its intrinsic sparkle, may amuse some who love contrasts, and who are read in the "green books" of our Mitfords and Wilsons, and Howitts:—

"It is especially on Sundays and holidays that the Parisian yields himself to his love,—what do I say?—to his passion, for the country. He has worked all the week, but then, with what joy does he greet the Sunday sun! All are sure to rise early; the young man makes himself as handsome as possible, the girl assumes her prettiest look; the father and mother are a little less eager to start, and yet they hasten: this day recalls to them their youth. They breakfast in all haste, the ladies go to hear mass at their parish church, and listen to it with the greatest fervor. Yes,—but no sooner have they quitted the church, than they meet again, and together they ascend, by chance,—you understand, that chance which makes pleased hearts and happy marriages—a large vehicle called a *tapissière*. This vehicle is a whole world; the father, the mother, the children, the young people, the old dog and the puppy, find room upon these seats hung by leather straps; the whole is drawn by a trusty horse well fed and well beaten, who, by carrying all these people, rests from the hard work of the previous week. They set out at a hand trot to arrive walking. What delight! what enjoyment! They salute each other, express their good wishes, and recount the stories from the old newspapers, a little slander sprinkling the joyous conversation. To each party is sure to be invited a clever man, proverbial for his wit, one of those good fellows who are always hungry, always ready to laugh at every thing, and to amuse the Amphitryon with whom they dine. People listen to him, more than they love him. They invite him, because usually he invites himself. Forward then!—to what place is the happy caravan going! They know nothing about it, they are on the way, and will see by and by. Thus they go, sometimes to the Bois de Boulogne, rather vexed by the fortifications which have cut down so many old oaks; sometimes to the Bois de Vincennes,—overlooked by the threatening dungeon; Vincennes, the state prison which was even more dreadful than the Bastille! The oak, under which sat Saint Louis, to administer justice to all, that time-worn and respected oak, does not yet throw a shade sufficiently thick to cover all the lamentations and miseries which have been shut up within these walls. There was confined the unvanquished Mirabeau, with his delirious frenzy, eloquence, passions, youth, violent love—and what vengeance did he afterwards take, for this abominable captivity! Stoop and at the bottom of the fosse, you can still see the place where the last Condé, the duke d'Eng-hien, was murdered in the night by gunshots.—No, the royal oak of Vincennes has not power to blot out this foul stain! Since that day, the Parisian goes less frequently to the Bois de Vincennes. Tell him of the valley of Montmorency, green and tufted,—beautiful shadows—resounding dales, the house inhabited by the author of *Héloïse*,—the white horse painted by Gérard, the richest sign which ever swung at the door of an inn;—but at the time for lilacs and fresh verdure! for nothing in the world will the Parisian consent to go anywhere, except to the Bois de Romainville. Romainville is the watchword of Parisian joy; it is the country of garlands and rose-coloured scarfs, of impenetrable thickets and gay dances; at Romainville, the Parisian is at home;—there he reigns,—there he breathes,—these are his lands—*nea regna videns*! You should see with what a joyous step they tread the brilliant moss. They look, they contemplate, they admire! They can hardly distinguish the poplar from the oak, barley from wheat, an apple tree from a pear tree; but it is just on account of this happy ignorance of all which forms the country, that the Parisian so much enjoys it. Then, at a certain hour, when there is a little shade around the tree, suddenly a whole banquet is drawn from the immense carriage. O happiness! all that culinary art can prepare in a citizen's household, is found in this vehicle of abundance; pies, cold fowls, hams, salad, biscuits, a nice light wine of Macon's, the *pelure d'oignon*, cherries, nosegays for the ladies, and even hay and oats for the horse. No thing and no person is forgotten. Off with the scarfs! let us hang on the branches of the hospitable ash tree our new hats! Are you hungry? are you thirsty? Well, spread out the dainties! The table is ready found,—at the foot of the tree;—this verdant carpet will serve us for a cloth; the singing birds will provide the music of the repast; they will be paid by the crumbs! In a moment, every thing is ready; they take their places, the same places as in the carriage, and, strange to say! the guest are as eager as the travellers. In less than an hour or two of devouring appetite, two hours of mirth and wild delight, all this food has disappeared, all these bottles are empty, nothing remains but the joy of the repast. Then the gaiety commences anew, the *entrain* is the same, but more lively; the bon mots of the professed joker are no longer needed, each makes his own bon mots. And if by chance, or by good luck, a fine storm arises, the fête is only the more complete for it! 'Look out for the scarfs and the hats!' The hats are concealed at the bottom of the carriage, the scarfs are put into some prudent hiding-place, and now our young girls return with bare heads, very wet and very happy. They have breathed air, health, and hope, for a week's work. Thus for real enjoyment, the environs of Paris have nothing to envy in Paris itself."

But enough of this showy and elegant Annual. It will do its part in lighting up the foggy atmosphere of the current November; how far it deserves a place on the library shelves, after the accomplishment of its immediate mission, is another question.

Miscellaneous Articles.

MANNERING AND HARRISON'S PATENT PUMP.

The cylinders are twelve inches diameter, with a 13-inch stroke. In place of the common piston and valve, a metal cylinder, fourteen inches long, fits airtight in the pump barrel, yet moving freely in it; the top of this cylinder is formed of two lids, or valves, opening upwards, which, when closed, meet at an angle similar to the gable end of the roof of a house; another fixed valve is placed within the proper atmospheric distance from the water in the well, the same as on the common principle; by this arrangement the up-stroke of the valved cylinder, draws after it a body of water equal to its internal contents, and at the down stroke, the valves open, and the whole is discharged into the water-box, from whence it runs off by the spout. The advantages said to be obtained by this patent are—a considerable deal less friction than by any other method yet discovered, consequently less power required to work it, and obtaining the greatest quantity of water possible, in proportion to diameter, and length of stroke; the pump here mentioned has double action, and worked by four men will discharge 15,000 gallons of water per hour.

ENGLISH ORGAN BUILDERS.

Those organ builders, who have distinguished themselves by their inventive faculty, in enlarging the powers of the instrument, have entitled themselves to honour and celebrity as artists; and some of their names hold an eminent place in musical history. Of great English organ builders, the oldest were the celebrated contemporaries and rivals, Harris and Smith, whose contention, at the time of the erection of the fine organ still standing in the Temple Church, will long be memorable among musicians. About the end of the reign of Charles the Second (we forget the year) they were both engaged, each to erect an organ

in different parts of the church; the preferable instrument to be retained, and the other removed. They spent about twelve months in the work, and the instruments were then submitted to trial. For a long time they were played upon by the greatest musicians in England—Blow, Purcell, and others—before crowds of listeners; and the matter gave rise to a feud between the partisans of the rivals, in which all the great world of London was involved. The Hon. Roger North says, in his musical memoirs, that the competition between Smith and Harris was carried on with such violence by the friends on both sides, that they "were just not ruined." And Dr. Barney relates, that in the night preceeding the last tried of the reed-stops, the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ in such a manner, that when the time came for trying it, it could not be played upon. The merits of the instruments were so equal, that it was difficult to come to a decision; but at length the Chief Justice Jefferies to whom it was referred, decided in favour of Smith. Harris's organ was removed, and parts of it were put up in different churches, where, perhaps, they still remain. The most remarkable organ-builder in the country, during the last century, was Snetzler, who besides supplying many churches, is said to have built five hundred organs for the nobility and gentry of England. He constructed the organ in the fine old church of Halifax; and this instrument had for its first organist the illustrious Dr. Herschell, who was then a young musician of more genius than manual skill. The candidates played before Snetzler himself. Handel's competitor exhibited a rapid finger, much to the dissatisfaction of the old organ-builder, who shook his head and grumbled, "He will not give my pipes time for to speak!" Herschell heard the remark, and cleverly availed himself of it. He placed two pieces of lead upon the lowest key and its octave; and upon the deep prolonged bass thus formed, he played a simple solemn harmony. Snetzler exclaimed, "Ah, dat is good—he gives my pipes time for to speak!" And Herschell was chosen. We never hear the light florid style of playing, so prevalent in our churches, without thinking of this anecdote, and wishing Snetzler were at hand to teach the organist to give his pipes time to speak.

Morning Chronicle.

AN AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

Rather more than ten years ago, I became acquainted at Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers; he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum, in which curious objects of natural history, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished, by this young Mr. Powers; and there was a degree of talent in this, which struck us all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged, perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modelling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us all as the most wonderfully perfect likeness we had ever seen. But we moved on and heard no more of him. A few years after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the studio of some of the most distinguished artists at present working there. "A young American, called Powers," was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, I felt not the slightest doubt that by going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly-gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state, in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from wealthy patrons of all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that magical air of life about them, which we see, and feel, in the works of the ancient sculptors, than any collection of modern marbles that I have ever visited. * * * His busts are life-like to a degree that made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati, he was a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine, which had formed the living creatures around him; and nothing, but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all that he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had never tried his hand upon any ideal work. "In marble?" he replied. "Yes," said I; "some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative?" He shook his head. "I am married, and have two children," he said. "For busts I have as many orders as I can execute. I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination. If my success continue, I may perhaps in time venture to attempt something of the kind. But I cannot afford it yet." "But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?" said I. "Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?" "Why, yes," he replied, smiling; "I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute. And I will show you one of them." He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full length, as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a cloth. "Here," said he, pausing before he uncovered it, "is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labour, and more thought. But I dare not do it in marble. I dare not try my chisel upon it—unless I could get an order for the statue—and I cannot hope for that as yet. I mean it as a representation of Eve." He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female figure, that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. Powers watched almost wholly in silence, the impression that his work made upon us; and when at length we turned from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying, with something like a sigh, "I should like to do it." Most heartily do I wish that some one may, ere long, look upon that Eve of clay with as sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble, for well does she deserve it!

Mrs. Trollope's Visit to Italy.

A NEW MOTIVE-POWER.

London, Nov. 20, 1843.

Mr. Editor,—In addressing you on the subject of a new motive-power for the propelling of steam-vessels, I would disclaim in the outset all idea of "perpetual motion," lest you might imagine I had escaped from Hanwell, or some other similar retreat; but that in combining and concentrating certain known powers, I have succeeded in producing a new one, capable of unlimited extension, and which may be maintained at a cost so trifling, that it may fairly claim the title of a self-maintaining power, as regards expense.

Some years ago I had the misfortune to witness the sudden destruction of fourteen human beings, by the bursting of a steam-boiler; and many others were so shockingly mutilated as to be rendered scarecrows for the rest of their lives;—and from that moment I became impressed with a very strong desire to devise some plan that might be adopted, in lieu of this dangerous agent, in the

navigation of vessels; and to accomplish this, I have devoted at least ten years of the best portion of my life; and I now honestly rejoice in being able to announce to you that my humble efforts have been crowned with success. At present I can only describe this power by some of its effects. By its application vessels may be navigated to India and back, at a cost, as I said before, perfectly insignificant, and at a speed equal to any thing that has hitherto been accomplished by steam. It is controlled and managed with a facility truly surprising, even when worked at a very great pressure, and, under all circumstances, entirely free from danger. It is equally applicable both to the paddle-wheel and the screw; but the steam-engine, boiler, and coals are dispensed with altogether. When this invention has been fully secured by patent, I propose sending you drawings of the machinery, and a full description of the new power, and the manner of its application, both of which are exceedingly simple.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. ELLIS.
Literary Gazette.

RUTHVEN'S IMPROVEMENTS FOR PROPELLING STEAM-VESSELS.

We have, on several occasions, had our attention called to this method of propulsion, but press of other matter has hitherto prevented its notice in our columns. The disadvantages of the paddle-wheels are well known, and very generally admitted, and hence the various adaptations of the Archimedean screw and other plans to supersede them. By this the inventor considers he avoids the numerous evils necessarily attendant on the use of paddle-wheels and the screw, and obtains greater speed, facility of turning or going astern, capabilities of steering, even after the loss of the rudder, while the machinery, which is placed in much smaller compass, is entirely out of danger from shots, striking on a rock, &c. The propulsion of the vessel is effected simply by the powerful discharge of a column of water from two nozzles placed below the water line, one on the starboard, the other on the larboard side of the vessel; the greatest resistance to a vessel's way going through the water, is at her bows, and this resistance the patentee partially reduces by admitting the water at two large orifices at the bows, and conveying it by pipes into a tight case, in which revolves a wheel worked by the steam-engine. This wheel is divided into a series of compartments, communicating from the periphery with the axis; the water enters at the centre, and by the centrifugal force engendered by the revolving of the wheel is discharged with great force from the circumference which is in immediate connection with the nozzles outside. By an arrangement on deck, the seamen, without any communication with the man at the engine, can, by reversing the nozzles, back the vessel, by turning one vertically or downwards turn her round, or by turning both down, stop her; and placing nozzles at any angle with her side, the vessel will go fast or slow in proportion to that angle; these motions are all given with the greatest ease, and when the wind is favourable, the full sailing powers of a vessel may be brought to assist the engines.

VARENNES—ARREST OF LOUIS 16th.—Suddenly after having passed an old gateway of the time of Louis the 13th, we entered a triangular square, surrounded with small white houses, of one story high. Louis the 16th, on his flight in 1791, was arrested in this square at Lrouet, the post-master of Sainte Menesould. There was then no post at Varennes. I descended from my carriage, and for some time kept looking at this little square, which, to the man who does not think of past events, has a dull appearance; but to him who does, it has a sinister one. It is reported here, that Louis, when arrested, protested so strongly that he was not the king (what Charles the First would never have done), that the people, half inclined to credit his statement, were about to release him, when a Monsieur Ethé, who had a secret hatred against the court, appeared. This person, like a Judas Iscariot, said to the king "good day, sire." This was enough. The king was seized. There were five of the royal family in the carriage with him; and the *miserable*, with these words, effected their downfall. "*Bon jour, sire*" was for Louis the 16th, for Marie Antoinette and for Madame Elizabeth, the guillotine; for the dauphin, the agony of the temple; and for Madame Royale, exile, and the extinction of her race.

The Rhine, by Victor Hugo.

SONG.

Oh could we but see how the heartstrings entwine
Round the being they love, round whose life they have grown,
What hand could ere break that affection divine,
Or forget others' feelings in seeking its own?
Too frequent is self but the object we seek,
And careless of others our pleasures select;
And ah, often because the poor flow'et is weak
We wound the affection we ought to protect!

Yet unmanly the heart and unworthy the name
That could trifle with feelings thus holy and pure;
But the falser the fires on loves altar that flame
The darker the sorrow it's vot'ries endure.
Let our feelings unbiass'd their sentiments speak,
And the world and its sordid inducements reject;
Nor aim at advantage which injures the weak,
Nor wound the affection we ought to protect.

CHARLES SWAIN.

COL. STODDART AND CAPT. CONOLLY.

The *Herald* has published a letter from Lieut. Eyre, the author of the admirable Cabul narrative, on the probability of the above gallant officers being yet alive in captivity. The letter is addressed to the Rev. Joseph Wolff, from Meerut, and is dated Sept. 18, 1843. Lieut. Eyre states, that had he been in England he would willingly have accompanied Mr. Wolff on his mission, and then details all the intelligence he has been able to collect concerning the fate of Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly:—

"The last authentic intelligence was contained in two letters from Arthur Conolly himself, to his brother John, then a hostage at Cabul, in the summer of 1842, in which he drew a melancholy picture of their situation in a prison at Bokhara. For four months they had had no change of raiment, their dungeon was in a most filthy and unwholesome state, and teemed with vermin to a degree that rendered life a burden. Stoddart was reduced to a skeleton, and his body was covered with putrid sores. They had with great difficulty prevailed on one of their keepers to represent their wretched condition to the King, and were then awaiting his reply, having committed themselves to God, in the full assurance that unless soon released death must shortly terminate their sufferings. The King was always described to us by the Affghans as a horrid and merciless tyrant, being subject to fits of insanity, during the continuance of which all around him trembled for their lives. The picture of him may be overcharged,

but, if true, it is almost destructive of hope. You have of course heard the story derived through Col. Shiel, from a Persian who professed to have actually seen the graves in which Stoddart and Conolly had been buried. This story has, however, been contradicted by two highly respectable Jews, both of whom I know intimately, and whom I believe to be honest, upright men. They have received letters from friends at Bokhara mentioning both officers as still alive; and information has been received from other quarters that the two graves were those of two servants who had offended the King. There was a popular belief at the time of their execution that they were British officers, and this may have been what misled Colonel Shiel's informant."

THE WELLAND CANAL.

Every circumstance relating to this work has become a subject of public interest. Its utility is acknowledged by all; and the enlargement of the locks from 110 to 150 feet in length, by 26 feet 6 inches in width, and the opening of the canal from the mouth of the Grand River on the Lake Erie, which will not only admit of the passage of craft with at least double the cargo, but will give to each, one trip more with produce from Lake Erie,—will produce results that but few anticipate. Our neighbors at Oswego feel confident a large portion of the New York trade will be drawn from Buffalo through their port. Time will tell.—The canal exceeded the most sanguine expectation of most men.

The private stockholders may rest satisfied that if the income from the canal itself overpays the interest on the cost of its construction, no Government will overlook their efforts, or decline making them full and ample compensation.

It appears that in 1842, the income was £25,000, which, at five per cent. interest, will pay for £500,000 capital. It also appears that no Debentures are to issue until the toll yields £45,000, which, at four per cent. interest, the rate on which we have obtained money under the guarantee of the Home Government, will meet the interest of a capital of £1,125,000.

It is therefore evident that the Government have taken ample precaution to protect the revenue. At the same time, looking at the increase of the tolls on the Erie canal, and the great western country on Lake Erie, the day is not far distant, as Mr. Merritt remarks, when the shareholders may count on receiving the full amount of their present deficiency.

From the Kingston (Canada) Herald.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 a 9 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Ere our next number shall be presented before the eyes of our readers, Time will have commenced another annual course, and congratulations and good-wishes will have passed and repassed to many a heart. Too frequently, indeed, these are mere matters of course, said with nonchalance and forgotten as soon as heard; yet they are useful, even under such circumstances, as tending to keep up the amenities of life, to soften rugged natures, and to elicit a spark where the heat itself is latent:

But besides the observance of *Bienveillance*, in which we would not willingly be thought deficient, we have far deeper reasons for presenting our complimentary offerings to the Patrons and Readers of the *ANGLO AMERICAN*. Our enterprise has been so largely encouraged, our friends have been so staunch and hearty in our behalf, we have been honoured by so many encomiums from parties to whom we are altogether unknown personally, and we are as yet so completely exempt from expressed remonstrance, reproach, or complaint with regard to the manner in which we have thus far conducted our Journal, that we should indeed be dead to every emotion of gratitude did we not, at so appropriate a juncture, give utterance to the strong feelings of thankfulness with which our souls are truly imbued; the best proof of which, however, will be found in our constant and unremitting endeavours to make the publication more and more worthy of the patronage it has so rapidly acquired.

In the most sincere and heart-felt terms then we offer "The Compliments of the Season," to our friends, and wish to every honest heart in the world "A Happy New Year!"

PROPRIETORS OF THE
ANGLO AMERICAN.

*. * NOTICE.—We are under the necessity of intimating that the whole of Volume I., and all the back numbers of Volume II., of "The Anglo American," which we had set aside as reserved stock for new subscribers, are exhausted, and that future subscribers, in the course of the present volume, can only be supplied from the dates of their several subscriptions.—ED. ANG. AM.

The Irish Attorney-General may be said to have achieved a *legal* victory as well as a constitutional one. The Agitator instead of defending his principles and his actions, supposing such to have been founded on patriotism and carried out in lofty consciousness of integrity, was contented to fight for his legal position, and even there has been foiled. This is testing his infallibility with a vengeance. This is the man who is to be compensated, by the hard earnings of the Irish poor, for the loss of emoluments in the legal profession which his great talents were to procure him. The attempt to baffle the government on the score of informalities was inglorious, to say the best of it, but to be defeated on such ground was absolutely disgraceful to his reputation whether as a lawyer or as a legislator. Well, he and his companions have been obliged to plead; and now will come on a farce that will be probably a long protracted one. If it be true that Mr. O'Connell intends to bring forward multitudes of witnesses, it may turn out a second Warren Hastings affair, and may last through the entire life of the defendant. At least one good will ensue thereby; he will be so occupied with his witnesses and by his own personal attendance during the trial that he cannot spare quite so much time in agitation. Besides this it will qualify the tones

of his addresses, it has done so already; in short the affair will become stale, and tranquillity—at least on this head—will ensue. It is but too true that the people of Ireland have given lavishly of their precarious means to this cause, which according to the fallacious hopes held out to them should have terminated in success by this time. They are now as far from it as ever, and the winter is coming on:—the winter, towards their support in which, it has been usual to lay up a trifle during the summer. That is gone, and how! Towards the payment of debts of, or towards the maintenance of extensive establishments in, the families of the Agitator. Aye, he has agitated indeed, as thousands will discover before the first spring month of the ensuing year; and when hunger and cold oppress them, they will be told that a Repeal of the Union would have prevented the calamity; they will never be told that they have been deluded out of their time, labour, and earnings, to furnish forth the extravagances of the Agitator and his family.

For a long season we hesitated concerning the real character of Mr. O'Connell. We fancied it possible for him to be a wrong-headed, enthusiastic, but honest agitator; as one who viewed with strong emotion various wrongs, which we frankly confess have been done to Ireland; and that his imagination being heightened and his whole heart being filled with the sense of the claims which Ireland really has upon the British Empire, he had made a manly stand in his country's cause, and though over-stepping the bounds of prudence, he had entitled himself to respect for his truthful purpose. But when we saw that he was selling his services, and draining the payment through the life-blood of his fellow-citizens of the humblest classes, when *Repeal* became his stalking-horse, when the most vulgar abuse and most boasting bravadoes were the soul of his eloquence, when he could shift and palter, and hold a rod in *terrorem* over the Whig ministry, and endeavour—mistakenly—to bully their successors; when we saw his direct defence of and even claim to the "Rent," and above all, when we saw his conduct the moment the hands of the present government were upon him, we became assured that the whole was little more than a grand and ingenious imposture, which must necessarily be put down before really good services could be commenced in Ireland. This will be the case; neither Sir Robert nor the Duke will permit themselves to withdraw their hands after having once put themselves forward into action. Their apparent dilatoriness in doing so is attributable to their determination to possess a full view of the case, and to have a proper and sufficient grasp of it at their very commencement. They ought, they must, and they will, put down the demonstrations which have of late been made in so furious a spirit, and then they will begin in earnest the more pleasing task of conciliation.

Heaven knows that there is much of which Ireland can complain; there is a wide field for the exercise of justice as well as of benevolence in Ireland; we are equally aware that a Tory government is slow to make alteration, even though it may be for the better. They require strong impulses to action, and unwillingly admit that they have been urged from without. Something good, even from this mode of procedure, must be admitted, for a nation too yielding is sure to be imposed upon, and continual national changes tend to throw the very frame of society into a chaotic confusion; but, on the other hand, the principle may be strained too far, and cause disturbances of a calamitous nature; besides which, it takes from the government itself all the merit, all the kindness of a transaction, when it is wrong from unwilling ministers on the score of expediency. The religious conscience of the Irish nation is a sore matter, and every liberal heart must wish for a satisfactory settlement of that very delicate question. The mischief of absenteeism is a prominent one, but it is hard to legislate upon a subject affecting the free volition of every member of society as regards his own time and his own property. Let it be remembered, however, that absenteeism existed in quite as large a degree when Ireland had her separate parliament, as it has been found to exist in subsequent periods. One great mischief indeed will admit of legislation, as much so as the "Truck system," the "working hours' regulation," the "employment of women in coal mines," or any other sanitary or salutary general question. We allude to the checks upon underletting lands or other real property in Ireland. A very large portion of the public distress is attributable to this evil, and if this can be proved, why should not the wisdom of Parliament be brought to interfere? It would put an end to a system of blood-sucking which is preying upon the very vitals of the Irish people, and a judicious mode of letting would be a vast incentive to industry among a people who are said to be at present deficient in that quality at home—though we can bear ample testimony to their faithful and important labours any where else.

A German traveller and writer of the present day has made many judicious remarks upon Ireland and her people; he writes like an observant philosopher, coolly, dispassionately, and fairly. We allude to *Kohl*, from whom we last week extracted largely; and right glad were we to find that we had been so long coinciding with such a man, in our notions on that subject. We recommend the papers which we have already given from that authority, as well as any we may introduce in future, as well worthy of grave attention and thought.

17 JAMES BECK & CO.'S STORE IN BROADWAY.—This *magasin de nouveautés* which is so well known in this city for its truly Parisian style has been constantly visited during this week, and is worthy of notice on account of a new improvement just introduced in this country. It consists of a very elegant room always splendidly lighted that visitors may be able to judge of evening dresses, and of those delightful *toilettes de bal* for which the store of J. Beck is truly unique. In fact every fashionable lady or gentleman ought to visit this place, the very centre of taste and mode, to admire all lace works, Indian Cashmere Shawls, and other matters of beautiful costumes. It is quite useless now to send to Paris for *corbeilles de mariage* or anything of that kind. We don't know any store of the Italian Boulevards which is superior or even equal to those of James Beck & Co.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MR. WALLACE'S CONCERT.—This took place at the Washington hotel on the 21st inst. It was a failure, and we are hardly surprised at it. Mr. Wallace ought to have been aware that the excitement had been so long kept up, that unless he had something very superior to offer a re-action would ensue. The room was not more than a third full; it is probable that this unsettled his nerves, and this, or some other cause, made him play exceedingly out of tune. In short it was annoying. The gems of the evening were the two performances of *Signor Casella* on the Violoncello. They were sweet, pure, and even, both in tone and execution; and as his head bent over his instrument he had all the air of a fond and affectionate father listening with delight to the intelligent prattlings of a favourite son. He was accompanied by Mr. Timm on the Pianoforte, and certainly he drew forth passages that were deliciously sweet. Mrs. Sutton sang very well indeed, and was much and deservedly applauded. We could wish, however, that her rapid passages were more neatly executed. By the bye, some ill-treatment received by Mrs. Sutton on that evening, reminds us that Madame Borghese requires a word of advice. All the while Mrs. Sutton was singing, Borghese, her father, and one or two others, were talking or laughing at the full stretch of their lungs. The same thing took place by them on a previous evening to such a degree that a gentleman who had the misfortune to sit near them was under the necessity to hiss them down into silence. This kind of conduct is not excusable in any one, but more particularly in professional persons who aspire to be heads of departments. We should like to know what would be the feelings of Borghese if she should be treated so herself when she is doing her best to fulfil the duties of Prima Donna at the Park Theatre next week. We speak thus abruptly because we are the friends of fair play, and have no notion of any one being permitted to either laugh down, write down, or talk down, another. We know a good deal of this kind of ruffianism towards ourselves, and shall certainly do our best to expose the system, in whatever shape it shall develop itself.

MADAME CASTELLAN'S CONCERT.—This took place on Tuesday evening last. We regret to say that it was but moderately attended. We almost wonder that she should have been advised to give a concert this week, when all the world is busy preparing for the New Year's welcomes and visitings. There certainly could be only one opinion respecting the lady's vocalism, and as for the playing of Rapetti, on the violin, it will preserve its reputation if all the violinists of both the old and the new worlds were in the city. The members of the Philharmonic band gave their aid also, yet was this congregated musical attraction insufficient to war against the momentous business of the Christmas week. To complete the misfortune, the evening was one of severe rain, and dirt of course.

VIEXTEMPS AT THE PARK THEATRE.—This greatest of artists in his line, in this country, gave the first of his concerts at the Park Theatre on Wednesday evening, where he gave ample confirmation of the powers ascribed to him from his previous performances at the Washington hotel. Considering that it was in the middle of the Christmas week we were surprised and glad to see so numerous an attendance, for nothing short of consummate abilities could have carried an audience there at all, at such a juncture; and we were previously sorry that he had not been advised to postpone his concert for a week or so. Were we to write for a month we could hardly make more clear our opinions respecting this consummate master and charming composer than we have already attempted. Suffice it, then, that he and his sister gave the most unqualified satisfaction and delight to a critical audience, who were by no means niggardly in testifying their admiration.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The next concert of this admirable society will take place on Saturday next, 13th inst. The great symphony of Mozart, in C, will be performed, and M. Etienne, who will be leader of the concert, has written some new parts (clarinet, trombone, &c.) in the orchestral accompaniments so as to render them more effective.

The overture to *Peciosa* by Weber is to be given with another one which has not yet been selected.

Don J. Miro, whose concerts were so unjustly neglected in this city, obtained in Havana the greatest success. He is the lion of the day, and according to all appearance will keep public favour during all the season.

Mdme. Damoreau and M. Artôt do not appear to have met with the success they are so generally accustomed to receive, or to speak more exactly they did not make a great deal of money during these last two weeks; these two superior artists intend to embark at Charleston, for Havana, on the first of January.

WALTZES FROM LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.—Mr. Millet of Broadway has just published these six elegant waltzes, which are arrangements by Fessy, for the Pianoforte, from Donizetti's charming opera just named. They are beautifully adapted for the festive season now at hand.

OLE BULL AND JULIUS SCHUBERTH.—The performances of the Norwegian violinist have enlisted a general sympathy in his behalf, that extends even to his business arrangements. We learn from the Herald that previous to his departure from Europe, he entered into a contract with M. Schubert, a music dealer in Hamburg, whereby Ole Bull, in consideration of certain services to be performed by M. Schubert, in arranging his concerts and supervising all the necessary preparations therefor, &c., agreed to allow the latter one third of the net receipts, if less than 4000 francs, and one quarter, if greater than that sum.

A difference in respect to this contract had occurred between the parties before they left New York, which on their arrival at Baltimore matured to an open rupture. M. Schubert thereupon employed counsel to act for him, who describes his interview with the great performer, in part, as follows:

"I told him that the point in question was a very simple one, and was, whe-

ther he would pay the amount accruing to M. Schubert as his proportion of the proceeds of the concert alluded to. He did not agree to pay the amount, nor could I, by repeated mention of the demand, and representation to him of the expediency of an amicable adjustment, lead him to recognize the claim as valid, or as one that he would to any extent satisfy. He evaded, or at least failed to give, a direct answer to the demand, and embarked in a long narrative of complaint against M. Schubert, accusing him of having deranged instead of arranging his concerts, and indulged in much invective against him. I urged M. Bull to seize this opportunity to come to some final and peaceable settlement with M. Schubert that would end the contract on terms satisfactory to all parties. He was unwilling to accede to any plan, and would not entertain the idea of an adjustment of any kind with M. Schubert. He said that he would have nothing further to do with M. Schubert; and when then told that M. Schubert desired to part from him, if he (Bull) rejected him, and would not allow him to accompany him, he said that he (Schubert) should go with him, and he would treat him so that he should feel worse than a dog, and that he would torture him."

M. Schubert failing to effect a compromise with M. Bull, returned to this city, determined, it is said, on a fitting opportunity to appeal to the laws for redress. Meantime the violinist proceeds with his concerts at Baltimore and Washington, where his skill and genius are said to excite as much enthusiasm as in this city.

It appears from the contract, that M. Bull contemplated remaining in this country until the end of April next, and longer if successful.

The Washington correspondent of the Herald states that M. Schubert has already received 15,000 francs (\$3,000) as his share of the proceeds of M. Bull's concerts.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The performances during the week, except those of *Viextemps* on Wednesday evening, have been merely a winding up of the dramatic season. Next week the *Italian Troupe* will commence with opera. We hear they are strengthened by the addition of Castellan and Borghese, but we doubt they will yet be weak in Tenors and Basses. However, let us give them fair play, and greatly shall we rejoice if their career turn out prosperous. *Valtellina* is a good singer and a deserved favourite. *Majocchi* is a strong and deep contralto, but we fear for the tenor voice.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Two (old) new farces have been added to the stock of acted pieces here. The first is "Sweethearts and Wives," in which Holland plays *Lilly Lackaday* inimitably. The second is "Robinson Crusoe," and here Mitchell himself shews his pantomimic powers most admirably as the faithful *Friday*. Contrary to ordinary practice, however, he makes *Friday* and the *Savages* red or copper-coloured instead of black; and here he is right. These and other favourites draw full houses nightly, in short we do not recollect a more steady tide of prosperity in any theatrical establishment, than at the Olympic since Mr. Mitchell has been the director of its affairs.

BOWERY THEATRE.—"Robinson Crusoe" has been revived here also, and has been acted at this theatre during the past week together with "Jack Sheppard." At the Bowery also there are excellent houses.

NIBLO'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The accession of Levi North to the strength of this establishment has given a great additional impulse to visitors, and the holiday week has brought crowds of young persons to witness the performances in the day time. We can but repeat our already oft-repeated remark, that the entertainments here are the very best of their kind, and that the regulations are such as are completely satisfactory to the numerous families visiting here.

Fine Arts.

MR. G. HARVEY'S PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS, at 232 Broadway.—Lovers of the Fine Arts may in this collection indulge their tastes and gratify their most refined reflections most amply. The design of the large series of forty drawings, to which we shall first call attention, is unique, and calculated to induce the best sympathies in the heart of every American visitor who contemplates them. Though exceedingly beautiful and artistically executed in the abstract, they are all local in their nature and are intended to exhibit to the whole world features, characteristics, and attributes which belong peculiarly to the United States. In the first place all these forty views are from nature; they are scenes in different states from Virginia northward and into Canada; vividly faithful, and in a capital style of landscape painting; but this is their least recommendation, for the artist has given atmospheric effects which identify them with the time of day, the state of the weather, and other varieties of effect belonging to peculiar localities. For instance, whilst illustrating Cooper's "Leather Stocking," he gives the peculiar *Daybreak* of the district in which the hero is placed; in like manner he portrays *Sun-rise*, and *Sun Rising*; *Misty Morning* is remarkably happy; a *Morning Rainbow*, a gleamy effect, are both good; an autumnal fog, rain clouds gathering, an *Indian Summer*, a *Wind Storm*, the four drawings of *Seasons*, the *Noon*, *Afternoon*, *Sunset*, *Twilight*, *Nightfall*, *Midnight*, &c., are all most striking in effect, and not the less so that, after contemplating the views as scenes charming in themselves and probably well known to many a visitor, a most delightful employment is found in considering how well the artist has carried out his purpose of displaying the effects, the atmosphere, season, time of day, particular locality, which it has been his object to convey to the understanding through the medium of the eye.

If we are rightly informed Mr. Harvey has dedicated many a year to this important task in the arts. He is a native of England and received his professional education there, but has extensive connections in the United States, reaching to three living generations, and we believe that he has long been an American citizen. The very praiseworthy object of conveying through paintings the history of the rise, astonishing progress, and present state of this country occurred to him, and accordingly he shews us the woods and prairies ere civilized man had taken them into his management, the earliest clearings, the advancement of building, trading, farming, and improvement, he shews us

American Aqueducts, Saw-mills, Inclined-planes, Colleges, Grist Mills, Cider Mills, Mouths of Coal Mines, Farm Buildings, besides such remarkable natural curiosities as the Palisades, The Alleghany scenery, Table Rock of Niagara Falls, &c. Of these drawings it is his object to publish coloured engravings of a very superior quality of execution, and of about the same size as the original drawings; they will have letter press descriptions accompanying them, not only explanatory of the subjects themselves, but also of everything connected with the contemplation of them.

This is surely a labour for which Mr. Harvey is justly entitled to the thanks of every American; it conveys to the nations on the other side of the Atlantic ideas of scenery which could never have entered into their imaginations, and convictions of American enterprise and improvement which description could hardly bring home to general belief. American hearts must feel proud at the survey, and those of England may be pleased to observe with what skill and fidelity Mr. Harvey describes in the universal language of the pencil.

We have not half done yet with this remarkable exhibition, but for the present we say to our readers "Go, examine and compare what we have said with the subjects themselves; and next week you shall hear from us again."

MR. COLE'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES. *Second Notice.*—We were obliged to cut short our account last week of the fine paintings by Mr. Cole, now exhibited at the National Academy of Design. But we should be dealing out a very scanty measure of justice to this fine artist if we were to stop altogether where we last left off. To proceed then; at one end of the great room is a magnificent picture, illustrative of the temptation of Christ by the Arch-enemy of man. The scene is a rugged foreground of landscape, in which rocks and precipices abound, and among them one very prominent elevation, supposed to be that from which the Saviour is shewn "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." Our Divine master is represented as seated under a Cypress tree at no great distance from that elevation, and there is an air of languor in the beautifully expressive countenance—for it must be recollected that he was "an hungered;" at his feet are two celestial beings with golden tresses, in white ample robes, and winged. These, with heads bowed down, expressive of unutterable respect and adoration, present golden cups with wine, grapes, and other fruits;—for again we are told, "Behold angels came and ministered unto him. The time is most appropriately made to be day-break, the great luminary is not yet above the horizon, but his advancing beams have begun to dispel the clouds of night; in the left corner of the foreground is seen a dark being fleeing discomfited from the Son of God, and from the coming day, into "his own place." We have not seen the embodiment of a sublime conception more simply, more happily, and more magnificently carried out than in this charming picture. It fills the mind with the most impressive reflections; but of all the particulars we would say the heavenly composure thrown into the countenance of the Christ, and the air of deep devotion and veneration which is given to the angelic figures, are attempts highly successful, and do great honour to the artist's conceptions.

Opposite to the above picture there is a splendid gallery painting representing Mount Etna. It is taken from a very elevated spot, for the vanishing point of the picture is quite two thirds up the field. The summit of the crater is understood to be about forty miles from the eye, and the latter takes in all the undulations and gradual ascents between the points of distance. Hence there are dottings of villages and edifices, spots in high cultivation and arid places, gradually the spectator views the commencement of clouds crossing the breast of mountain, above which is the crown covered with perpetual snow, and concluding with the crater at the apex, from which there is a constant emission of smoke. The Sicilian coast is on the left hand side of the picture, and the whole conveys the idea of such an immense pile upheaped, that the overwhelming there, of the giants of old is an idea very inadequate even in the hands of a poet.

Besides these are some half dozen other subjects, all good in their way, but of minor interest as compared with those which we have already described.

Literary Notices.

THE JEWEL. New York: Winchester.—This is a neat little work in square 32mo., copiously embellished with well-executed wood-cuts, and containing alternations of pleasing stories and tasteful poetry. It is intended as a fit present for the season to young persons of either sex, between the ages of six and ten years.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED PICTORIAL BIBLE. No. 1.—The spirited Harpers may be said to have now fully assumed the superior style of publication. We were greatly delighted by their mode of putting forth the History of Mexico, and now we have much additional pleasure in observing their attention to "The Book," for if ever one work more than another deserved the respect of becoming adornment, illustration, and embellishment, whilst none needs less the aid of external shew, it is The Bible. The publishers have, at great cost, and with much care, procured numerous chefs d'œuvres in the engraving art, wherewith to make this splendid edition worthy of its contents and of the veneration and respect in which it ought to be held by every member of a christian community. The vignettes at the heads of chapters and sides of the text, the graceful and fanciful initial letters, the very superior paper, the new and bold type, and the clear notes of reference are admirable; the size of the edition, which is an imperial 8vo.,—in size equal to that of an ordinary 4to., but in better shape—is exceedingly convenient for the reader, and the typography is carefully correct, as befits so authoritative and important a matter as the sacred text of scripture. This ought to be most extensively circulated, and cherished carefully by all who shall possess it.

Foreign Summary.

HOMŒOPATHY.—Mr. Newman, surgeon to the Wells Union, has been dismissed from that office by the Poor-Law Commissioners, acting on the opinion of the College of Physicians, that a person practising homœopathy exclusively is altogether unfit for such a charge.

ANCIENT SEPULTURE.—In digging a trench at Dammarlin (Jura) a large flag-stone was discovered, opening into a vault below, in which were found twelve stone cases, raised against the wall, like sentry-boxes. One of these was broken into, and disclosed a headless skeleton, in a complete suit of armour, eaten up with rust, but still held together by leather thongs. At its feet lay a purse of metallic rings, containing 23 small bronze and silver medals; and also a handsomely chased octagonal reliquary, which had apparently been attached by a chain. The date is supposed to be of the 11th or 12th century; and the coins all belong to the Netherlands, except one representing Charlemagne. Some remains of Gothic inscriptions appear; the tomb has been closed for the present.

MIGHTY FISH-MONSTER.—On the 22d of August the brig Rowena was lying in Laguayra Roads, the weather perfectly calm, but the vessel moving about among the shipping. To my surprise, I found a tremendous monster entangled fast to the buoy-rope, and dragging the anchor slowly along the bottom. I then had the fish towed on shore. It was of a flattish shape, something like a devil-fish, but very curious shape, being wider than it was long, and having two tusks, one on each side of the mouth, and a very small tail in proportion to the fish, exactly like a bat's tail, and now on board the Rowena. The dimensions of the fish were as follow,—Length from the end of the tail to the end of the tusks, 18 feet; from wing to wing, 20 feet; the mouth 4 feet wide; and its weight 3502 pounds.

Letter in Barbadoes Paper.

Mr. Monck Mason is exhibiting, at Willis's Rooms, a large model of a Balloon propelled by machinery. The balloon is supported in the air by the ordinary means of hydrogen gas; the propelling power is the Archimedean screw, worked, in the model, by a spring wheel; and the balloon can be made to ascend or descend, to a limited extent, by raising or lowering an attached rudder. The contrivance is ingenious, and the experiments were successful.

Athenæum.

The French papers mention, that a telescopic comet was discovered at the Paris Observatory on the morning of the 22nd, at one o'clock. It was near the star γ Orionis. The nucleus is very distinct. It has since been seen in England.

The sale of Cardinal Fesch's magnificent gallery is fixed to take place at Rome in March next. No gallery in Italy is, it is said, so rich as this in the multitude and diversity of schools.

THE PEERS AND THE PLEDGE.—The Marquis of Waterford, Lord Waterpark, Lord Rivers, Lord Brook, Lord Lake, the Marquis of Bath, and the Duke of Wellington, are meditating the propriety of "taking the pledge." The Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lords Portland, Portman, and Portarlington, Viscount Beershaven, and Lord Alesbury, shake their heads, and won't have anything to do with Father Mathew.

A POPULOUS PARISH.—The parish of Aldrington, near Brighton, contains, according to the last census, but one inhabitant, a solitary turnpike-gate house, kept by a man with a wooden leg, being the only habitation in the place. The desolation of this parish, in which the ruins of the church are still standing, is said to have been brought about by the encroachments of the sea, the mouth of the river Adur—Shoreham harbour—having been originally here, but being now choked up with shingle.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—A gentleman of Taunton having a very spirited and restive horse had frequently in vain endeavoured to get him to remain quiet, while the groom cut the hair from the fetlocks. On Monday morning another attempt was made, but it was ineffectual, and, after much exertions had been used, it was abandoned. The gentleman had a son, a child of between three and four years of age, who observed what was going on from a window. Being missed shortly afterwards, search was made for him, and, to the horror of his father, the little fellow was discovered stooping down within six inches of the horse's heels, with a pair of scissors in his hand, attempting to cut off the hair. For some time the parent stood thunderstruck, unable either to move or speak, and, fortunately, the child, seeing him, ran over to him. The horse, which stood perfectly quiet, now and then looked behind him, appearing to be mightily pleased with the puny efforts of the little operator.

Somerset Gazette.

OCCUPATION OF LAND, IRELAND.—An extra *Gazette* contains the following official notice of the appointment of the commission for inquiring into the tenure of land in Ireland:—"Whitehall, Nov. 18, 1843.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, nominating and appointing William Earl of Devon, Sir Robert Alexander Ferguson, Bart., George Alexander Hamilton, Esq., Thomas Nicholas Redington, Esq., and John Wynne, Esq., her Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the state of the law and practice in respect to the occupation of land in Ireland.

WHAT ARE THE SINEWS OF MODERN WARFARE?—To this imaginary question the following brief extract from Sidney Smith's last letter furnishes an amusing reply:—

The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Cæsar were to reappear upon earth, *Weitenhall's* List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring or Bates, would probably command the Tenth Legion, and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of Scrip and Omnium Reduced! Consols, and Cæsar!

"Here, you bogtrotter," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come, tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to whiskey punch."

"An by my soul, yer honor's a gentleman," retorted Pat.

"You have not dined?" said a stranger to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made but a slight repast."

Judge Story has a son, says the New Haven Courier, about twenty-three years of age, who is a beautiful sculptor, paints superbly, is a poet of more than ordinary promise, plays exquisitely on a number of musical instruments, is familiar with a number of languages, practises somewhat extensively at the bar, and is about to publish a legal work of great value and acuteness.

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.—Notice.—The next monthly meeting of the St. George's Cricket Club, will be held at Clark & Brown's New Room, on Monday evening, the 8th of January next, at 7 o'clock, being postponed to that date on account of New Year's day. Punctual attendance is requested.
New York, Dec. 30, 1843. WM. JACKSON, Secretary.

For the Anglo American.

THOU ART THE DAY-STAR OF MY HOPE.

Thou art the Day-Star of my hope, that flings its living ray
Upon the fair and fadeless flowers that blossom in my way :
Thou art the treasure of my soul—the sunshine of my eyes—
An angel of transcendent light, descending from the skies.

Thou art a Shadow unto me—a Shade supremely fair,
Whose gentle eyes, like holy stars, illumine the skies of care ;
And beauty over all thy face has thrown expression sweet,
While poesy's delightful flowers lie blushing at thy feet.

I've decked thee with supernal grace, and made thee most divine ;
Then wept to know thy heart ne'er throbbed in unison with mine.
"Like shadows cast on moonlight dews," or on the gleaming sea,
While thou art fading from my sight, dark sorrow circles me.

Oh ! weary is my youthful life amid this vale of tears !
A flash of sunshine glances round,—then quickly disappears ;
The Star of Hope uprises bright ;—dark clouds come sweeping by,
And dash the quivering orb of light forever from the sky.

Oh ! weary is my youthful life ;—this shadow I pursue
Turns its blue beaming eyes on me, and smiles me an adieu.
Behold ! unmindful of my woe, it will no longer stay,
But down the mystic vale of life it vanishes away !

Thou art the promise of my love—a shadow though thou art—
A flower of fragrance, faint but sweet,—the solace of my heart.
Since down the troubled vale of life thy noble form I see,
I'll dash away my gathering tears, and follow after thee !

December 7, 1843.

C. S.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND.

Mr. Robinson, of Stonegate, York, has lately exhibited a new and highly-interesting musical experiment in the Blind School of that city. Having conceived the idea of forming a wind-instrument band among the pupils, he commenced with a certain number of the most promising ; and after due elementary training, placed before them their parts in raised notes to commit to memory. To this followed many successive separate trials and general rehearsals ; and the result has been, that they play a number of pieces with an ensemble of delightful harmony. The juvenile band consists of three trombones, a trumpet, two horns, a serpent, and two corneopans ; and though so small in number, the richness of their combinations, which rivals those of a beautiful organ, has excited the wonder of their hearers. The brass instruments used by them are on the new lever principle, which has been brought to great perfection by Mr. Kohler ; and with so decided an advantage over those of old construction as to be well worth the examination of all who are concerned in the formation of military and particularly of cavalry bands.

Whether contemplated merely under its benevolent aspect as a recreation to the dark society itself—as a means of drawing contributions to its funds—or as an extension of the power of art—the object here accomplished cannot fail to please. The new power brought into operation at York cannot rest there, while every summer brings so many open-air enjoyments, floral fetes, and horticultural exhibitions, to which what is called "military music" must lend her aid. First-rate military bands are too costly to be engaged on every occasion ; and what there is of a more common description is perhaps one of the worst departments of music, whether we consider the badness of the pieces they give or of their arrangement, the noisy overblowing of the performers or the vulgarity of their style. The peculiarities which have hitherto distinguished the musical performances of the blind may be partly traced to their traditional and imperfect education : but under the tuition of an able musician, it would appear that there are circumstances in their unfortunate condition favourable to artistic development. The retentiveness of memory, the sensibility of ear, the ambition of distinction, the esprit de corps which they have shown as isolated musicians, will be doubly available in combination now that their capacity to succeed in concerted music is no longer problematical. The power to go through a long part, like one in the Overture to the *Zauberflöte* for instance—observing all the rests and entrances, and every gradation of sound—giving due importance to solos and subduing the accompanying part—is really curious to those who read at leisure or only commit a melody to memory. The interest taken in music by the children of the institution at York is proved by the fact that their present excellence has been attained in a short time, by the voluntary devotion of their play-hours to that object.

LAW RECONCILABLE WITH SENSE.

One reason why the law is obscure is, because efforts are as much and as allowed directed to make it so, as to make it clear. The *Times* had an article lately on the absurd spectacle in Dublin, of a whole bar and a bench of judges gravely discussing the meaning of the word "assize," as if there were a dictionary to make for the first time ; endeavouring severally to prove that a law expressly included a thing clearly omitted, or to prove that the omission, as clearly unintentional, was deliberately planned ; and at length violating the letter of the law to fulfil its spirit, lest the whole course of justice, past as well as present, should be vitiated and perverted. "We can," says the *Times*, "speak, think, calculate, describe, command—why cannot we legislate like men of common sense ?" But, in all the cases supposed, we expect what we utter to be interpreted by the rules of common sense : the law proposes more, and attempts an impossibility—to defy cavil. The composition of English law goes upon the principle of making the language so precise that it shall bear but one meaning and interpretation ; and in the endeavour to attain that precision, vast masses of words are heaped up to provide for every possible accident. The effect is, not greater precision, but only concealment of the single loophole, and a multiplication of such interstices. Language is incapable of absolute precision. Ideas are vague ; their representatives, words, still more so. Even as respects things past and done, language fails to be exact : let the most skillful narrator describe the simplest event—let an artist paint it—and the picture shall differ from the original. Still more uncertain must be that which tries to describe, or imply a description of, a future contingency, and direct what is to be done in the event. The agglomeration of words only acts as a mechanical obstruction to collecting what they convey, an impediment to apprehension, a useless burden to the mind and the memory. Hence, our statute-book defies any single mind to conceive it, almost to keep pace with its additions in any one department.

There is a further mischief. By challenging cavil in the pretence to precision, the law provokes and sanctions the practice of cavil. A law is now framed, not only to be obeyed, but to run the gauntlet of lawyers' ingenuity in finding

flaws. That occupation has become a substantive business. The philosophical reasoner despises quibbling, as idle and degrading ; quibble is a pursuit of lawyers. Indeed, laws do not always escape criticism ; attempts are sometimes made to consider how their phraseology will "work" ; but so utterly impossible is it to calculate the skill acquired by lawyers in quibble, that the highest of their own craft cannot provide the boasted precision to anticipate defeat. In the debate on the Irish Arms Bill, the very lawyers could not determine what would be the practical effect or the "legal meaning" of their own terms. Subject the clearest writing or command to this test, and it will be obfuscated. Let the most vigorous English of the *Times* undergo a process of such cavil, and its meanings might be multiplied like church-steeple in the eye of a lobster. Few commanders ever wrote distincter directions than WELLINGTON : let one of his orders—a law for the obedience of those whom it concerned—be twisted by the officer to whom it was directed, in barrister and attorney-like fashion, and its meaning would be so doubtful that obedience would be a matter of choice. But an officer would be shot for so construing WELLINGTON'S English.

The remedy would be to introduce into our practice of law the principle of interpretation according to common and obvious sense. Our code should settle the principles and method, leaving the application to specialties for the obviously reasonable interpretation. The change, and that alone, would save all those ridiculous accidents of defeated law that often make "justice" a farce ; would save cart-loads of yearly addenda to the statute-book ; would save unspeakable labour ; and would for the first time enable the people so to understand the law that they could at once obey it and count upon its protection.

Spectator.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ENGRAVED IN ORIGINAL AND VERY SUPERIOR STYLE FOR THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

We have at length the pleasure to announce that our long-promised engraving of WASHINGTON is out of the hands of the distinguished engraver, Mr. J. Halpin, to whose skill it was confided, and that it will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days. We have examined it with pleasure and pride, and notwithstanding the bias which every one is believed to have in favour of that which is his own, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is by far the best executed portrait of Washington that has been engraved in the United States. It is a literal copy from the Painting, by the celebrated American artist, Gilbert Stuart, which at present adorns the State house at Hartford, Connecticut, and which has been pronounced by many, who knew the great American patriot in his latter years, as a most correct likeness. The price of such an engraving, under ordinary circumstances, would be considerably greater than that of a year's subscription to THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but the number of copies which we venture to presume will be required, induce us to enter upon so expensive an enterprise. We must, however, be distinctly understood when we say that this plate of WASHINGTON cannot be given to any but to present subscribers who have paid their full year in advance, and to new Subscribers who shall pay for a full year or more in advance. It must be obvious that to none other can so expensive a present be afforded. The price to non-subscribers will be upon the lowest scale that circumstances will permit, namely—Prints, two dollars—Proofs, three dollars.

BOUQUETS—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the Season. Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

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A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum ;" Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, Aug. 19-ly. No. 6 Ann Street

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